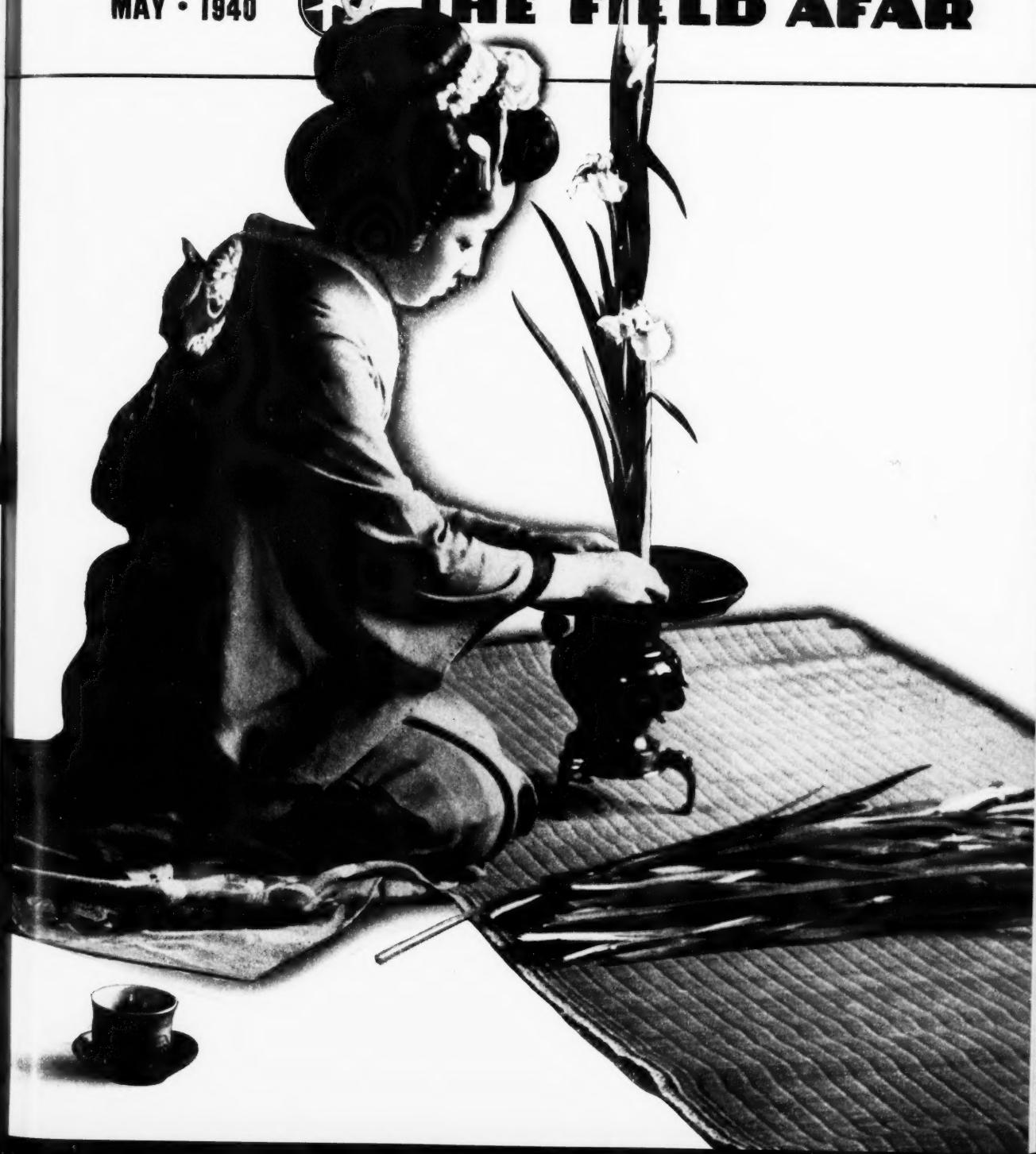


MARYKNOLL

MAY • 1940



THE FIELD AFAR





MARYKNOLL

MARYKNOLL is an American foundation for foreign missions, which embraces two societies. • Central headquarters for both societies are at Maryknoll, New York. Preparatory seminaries for the training of priests are maintained in various sections of the country from Massachusetts to California. • The Maryknoll Fathers were established by the Archbishops and Bishops of the United States as

a national society for foreign missions, and authorized by His Holiness, Pius X, at Rome, June 29, 1911. • In seven large areas of the Orient—in South China, Japan, Manchukuo, and Korea—Maryknollers are laboring among 20,000,000 pagan souls. • The legal title of the Maryknoll Fathers is the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America, Inc.; that of the Maryknoll Sisters is the Foreign Mission Sisters of St. Dominic, Inc.

THE FIELD AFAR

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 Maryknoll's Superior General, on a recent visitation, found the children of Los Angeles devoted to the Lourdes Shrine at St. Francis Xavier's School (Japanese).

Our Cover: The art of flower arrangement in Japan is one requiring years of patient study. The Oriental does not see any particular beauty in a huge bouquet; he feels, rather, that the individual flower portrays its own beauty and thus brings pleasure to the beholder.

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His Eminence, Peter Cardinal Fumasoni-Biondi, Cardinal Prefect of the Missions

..Great Honor

Excerpt from Cardinal Fumasoni-Biondi's Radio Speech to America

"Your prayers are a source of untold grace and strength to the missionaries and to the souls for whom they labor. . . . Your interest does not stop with prayer; it goes on to personal sacrifice, for you give your own sons and daughters, and that proudly, to the Divine Lord of the Harvest that He may make them zealous apostles and intrepid heralds of His gospel. In that connection, I cannot but advert with deep satisfaction to that great missionary family that goes by the name of Maryknoll. The Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America, founded in 1911 with the encouragement of the hierarchy . . . labors among twenty million souls in China, Japan, Korea, the Philippines and Hawaii, and does significant work for the Faith among Orientals in the United States.

"American Catholic missionaries actually engaged in the mission work abroad number fourteen hundred and twelve: an increase of sixty-three per cent in five years—a remarkable achievement. But aside from those actually in foreign fields there are also hundreds of Americans preparing for the missions, or temporarily assigned to work for the mission cause in the homeland. When added to the number of missionaries abroad they bring the number of American Catholics dedicating their lives wholly to foreign missions to approximately twenty-five hundred.

"All these facts do great honor to the Catholics of the United States."

TALK OF THE MISSIONS

Quite a Contrast!

Today 10,000,000 men are armed for the slaughter of battle; set to kill—or already killing—as many of their fellow men as possible, to wreck and destroy, with bomb and poison gas, homes, schools, hospitals, everything and everyone within reach of their deadly weapons. And for what? You know! Now see what a mere 62,000 Catholic missionaries serving in Asia, Africa, and the South Seas accomplished in one year. Here's the record:

1. Gave 26,740,584 medical treatments to the sick poor in 3,410 hospitals and mission dispensaries.
2. Sheltered 109,601 orphans in 1,846 centers.
3. Educated 2,022,058 children in 34,743 schools.
4. Befriended 13,256 lepers in 121 leper colonies.
5. Cared for 15,089 poor aged in 409 homes.
6. Gave countless millions spiritual care and relief.

Each summer a group of young Americans go from Maryknoll to the Orient, there to remain for the rest of their lives. They are not given guns, nor bombs, nor tanks, nor poison gas. They are not told to spread bitterness and hatred, nor to wreck homes or property. One only command do they get: to show love and mercy to as many human beings as possible. And the only "weapon" they are given is a crucifix to remind them that they must be willing to die, even by crucifixion if necessary, in imitation of their Master, rather than harm in the slightest way even one of his creatures. Each of us is necessarily on one of two sides these days. Christ said: "He that is not with me, is against me." In other words, if we are not spreading the love of God and of our fellow men over the world, then—

In an African Village

Old Danaw was dying. Squatting by her mat, Beatrice, a Catholic student, who was spending her vacation in this pagan hamlet, said to the old lady, "Danaw, you are very ill, and soon you will go from here." (The Africans are very frank!)

"I know," placidly replied the ancient one. "I have had my time. When I die, my children will kill many buffaloes; they will lament and cry; then they will bury me under the barn full of grain, after having covered me with my prettiest shawl and provided me with tobacco."

"Yes! But your soul—where will that go?"



"Ah! I do not know the place, but I shall not be alone. Many others of my race have gone before me."

"All have not taken the same road, Danaw. Every one has not the same lot in the other world: the wicked there are punished forever; there is no end to time. It is up to you, Danaw, to prepare yourself a happy life."

"You students who go to school know things which we old people ignore. Tell me more about the happy life, and about what I must do to attain it."

She was of good will, poor Danaw, and Beatrice explained the Apostles' Creed until faith flamed in that soul.

During the night Danaw was baptized. At dawn, the following day, the regenerated soul of the old mountaineer soared higher than the highest peak—straight to heaven.

Catholic Chinese Doctors

St. Mary's Hospital, Shanghai, where practical instruction is given to some 200 Chinese medical students, is to be enlarged by the addition of a new wing containing an operating theater, surgery section, and free ward for non-paying women patients. The total of beds in the hospital will be increased to 1,000.

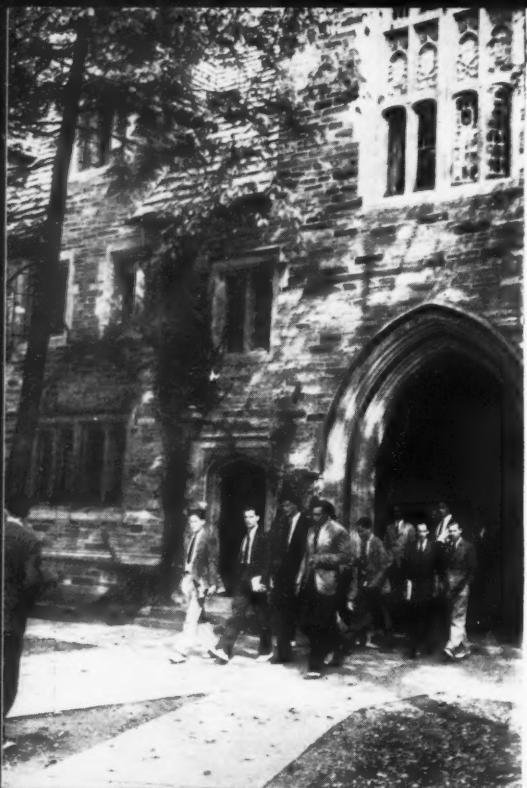
Catholic graduate pupils of the Medical Department of Aurora, after taking their degrees, are kept in touch with missionaries by the Guild of Saint Luke, to which many of them belong. Annual retreats in many centers bring Guild members together.

Mission Sunday of the Sick

In the vast field of missionary activities there is one work which attracts special interest because of its deep significance and the splendid opportunities it offers for effectively aiding the missions. It is the Missionary Apostolate of Suffering.

To gather up the physical pains of sufferers and convert them into spiritual wealth, to place them on the scales of divine mercy, together with the sufferings of Christ, is to find the magic key to the conversion of a pagan world. The missions, representing as they do the work of redemption par excellence, must be supported by alms; but we must not forget that they must be aided, first of all, by spiritual helps, by prayers, and sufferings; and these latter are the best prayers because "no prayer is answered so quickly as the prayer that takes its force and constancy from suffering." (See letter, page 25.)

This, then, is the heroic ideal of Mission Sunday of the Sick, celebrated on Pentecost, this year on May 12.



WHERE MISSIONERS ARE MADE

Very Rev. John J. Considine

HOME, as you and I know it, is an opulent American heritage. It is something that possesses life and vitality. It is a place where we may confidently dream of great tomorrows.

Some of us have visited homes in other lands, particularly in Europe. How gravely they are suffering from adversity! America is now one of the few countries of the earth where men may form aspirations and conjure sanguine hopes of their fulfillment. Last spring I was in a home on the Dutch border, a bare mile or so from the German frontier. "If war comes," remarked a young man quietly, "the German machine will roll over our little farm in the blink of an eye."

I have thought often of this family. I have imagined living night and day in that house shadowed by catastrophe. There then comes to me, stabbingly, an anxious start with which, I am sure, I should greet my first waking moment. "What has happened while I slept?" I would ask. "What have the last few hours brought?" I think I should hurry into the open at each new sunrise and gaze at the line of hills that form the frontier, to be sure that they were still free of tanks and bayonet lines and guns.

Our American homes are weighted by no such paralyzing dreads. We are at liberty to plan for the future. We can say: "Next Sunday we shall drive to the country. Next summer we shall go to the beach. When Jack and Mary finish high school next June, they shall go to college. Jack is to be a doctor; Mary will be a nurse." Not so in war-torn Europe.

However, in every good American home, in every Catholic home,

The school, the church, and the home—each in its own sphere—contribute the necessary elements towards the making of a missioner.



there is something more important than the privilege of making up our minds. If, because fear does not hang over us, we are smug and willful and blindly pleasure-seeking, what a betrayal of our gifts! Our homes would possess freedom but not happiness or beauty. Good people everywhere know this. Inscribed on the wall of a Chinese home is the following:

"Glazed brick, white mortar, and blue roof-tiles do not make a house beautiful. Carved rosewood, gold cloth, and clear green jade do not furnish a house with grace. A man of cultivated mind makes beautiful a house of mud and wattle. A woman, even with a pock-marked face, if refined of heart, fills a house with grace."

Hence, in our homes—for they are good homes—are cultivated minds and refined hearts, are fathers and mothers not absorbed in mere receiving, in barrenly seeking, in passionately desiring. Rather, they hold high the ideals of God well served, and men loved and felt for, particularly those hosts of men who are in need. They prompt us to strive properly for earthly success but to recognize that its true measure, even among men, lies in giving and not in receiving.

In such homes missionaries are made.

The home is the heart of society, but for us American Catholics the parish church and the parish school play tremendously important roles as well. If America is blessed with many and excellent vocations, it is principally because bishops, priests, teachers, parents have united to set before the young the great goal of the religious life.

The instrument for systematic cultivation of vocation differs in different parts of the country. In the Archdiocese of San Francisco, there is a canonically erected Society for the Promotion of Priestly Vocations, to which

both priests and people belong. A full-time vocational director, a priest of the archdiocese, is unceasingly occupied securing the cooperation of priests and laymen for the encouragement of vocations from San Francisco.

The Archdiocese of Cincinnati provides for us an example of cooperation between the Ordinary and the pastors for cultivation of the priestly ideal. The archdiocese maintains special Latin schools centrally located, not solely for candidates for the priesthood, but likewise for the professions. Pastors encourage brighter boys to attend these schools; and, through the special attention given to priestly vocations, many pastors have the satisfaction of seeing sons of their parish advance to the altar. Other dioceses have similar plans, and from this effort have come many missionaries as well as priests for the homeland.

Pioneer in another form of effort is Monsignor Joseph V. S. McClancy of Brooklyn, Diocesan Superintendent of Schools. Some twenty years ago, Monsignor McClancy recognized the advisability of systematic cultivation of vocations in the classroom. Today, Diocesan Vocation Month is an established feature of each year's school program in Brooklyn. During the month of May, a team of speakers cover practically all the educational institutions of the diocese. That the effort has brought forth fruit is evident in the abundance of vocations which Brooklyn enjoys. Maryknoll has shared in the harvest, for over a hundred of our priests, students, Brothers, and Sisters are from the Diocese of Brooklyn.

Possibly above every other consideration outside the home is the role which the individual teacher may play in inculcating vocational ideals. Maryknoll, a short while ago, asked fifty of its members what influences had contributed to revealing to them their call to serve God in fields afar. In ten out of the fifty instances, a teacher was mentioned as having first awakened the mission ideal.

The life of the Church is of a single cloth. Whether we are doctors, or lawyers, or business men, or parish priests, or missionaries, our destinies are very much interwoven. If Poland is invaded, or parts of Finland are devastated, or the fire of zeal grows cool in Catholic homes in America, each incident affects the life of the Universal Church; it may well influence the eternal welfare of souls in China, or India, or the heart of Africa.

In the bosom of the home, of the millions of homes throughout the Church, men's minds are molded. When the task is well done, the Catholic citizen of the world is completely dedicated to the ideal of the missionary service of all mankind.

A NEW CONVERT EVERY HOUR

For every hour of the year, Maryknoll missionaries baptize a new convert. The continual procession now numbers over 7,500 men and women won from paganism and some 5,000 children and dying persons.

The Maryknoller in the Far East tries earnestly so to live that the non-Christian may see Christ in him. In all truth, every hour is an hour for souls.





An eighty-five-year-old woman had sent for the priest, but since the pastor was sick I offered to go. "It is a long hard trip," everyone told me. "Twenty-seven miles to Tsia Hang Hi, and then there is still a good walk to the sick woman's village far back into the mountain country."

To me that seemed a simple jaunt, so I packed a few things, and soon the catechist and I were on our way. We headed through the fields for the next village, and from village to village we rode until finally we reached the rushing, yellow Moe River. We were able to make better progress on the wider path that followed the full-watered, swift-flowing stream.

It was four-thirty before we reached Tsia Hang, a busy little town in which we have about forty Christians and a resident catechist. The catechist met us, and after a face wash and a cup of tea, the three of us started for the home of the dying woman.

I felt refreshed after the wash and the brief rest, although my face was burning from the sun. I did not know at the time how far we should have to travel after reaching Tsia Hang; I thought it was just a short distance outside of town. But as we passed through the fields and by several villages, I began to feel the effects of the long day in the saddle under the sun. I knew that I was getting weak, but, thinking that in every new cluster of houses would be the home of the sick woman, I kept

FORTY MILE HEAT

Rev. John F. Donovan

on going behind the catechist. We did not reach our destination until an hour and a half later. I stood my bicycle up in front of the door, and when I started toward the house I began to stagger. I had no strength left. Just inside the door, I collapsed on a bench. I thought I should faint; I wanted to. But somehow I knew I shouldn't.

As I sat there in a kind of daze, unable to wash or take any tea, the dying woman, two doors away, began to cry for me. The catechist helped me to a chair beside her bed. I quickly elicited a sign of sorrow from her. She could not talk then; she was breathing hard and with effort. I told her I had brought Our Lord. She nodded faintly and opened her thin, white lips. I gave her Viaticum, then the short form of Extreme Unction, and the apostolic blessing. The entire ceremony was performed from my chair by the side of the dying woman.

I don't remember anything after that. I was taken to another room and placed on a bed.

Next morning I was still a little weak—too weak to ride the thirty miles back to Kaying—so we took a sampan from Tsia Hang for an eight-hour, down-stream ride. Although we were hot and crowded, the experience was far more bearable than riding under the sun.

My Job's comforters were right; it was a long, hard trip. But it was a blessing and a consolation to have reached the woman before she died.

ONE BUSY WEEK

From Kaying Sisters' Diary

MONDAY It began with a casual "stop in" visit, just to see a faithful ninety-six-year-old lady, whom we had been watching through the years and who had given proof of her faith by standing up for us every time we went by the T'ai Loc Heou post office. Today we were told that she was very, very ill, being already laid out in the gate house awaiting death.

We found her more shriveled up than ever, with hardly any hair left. This time, she could not stand; but she could still smile. Again she expressed her belief in God and her desire for Baptism. Could it be withheld from her, for whom God had postponed death, that she might gain life? And so, we left her, a child of God.

TUESDAY Our visit took on a contrasting character. We called to see a young girl, a new Christian, whom we wished to encourage in the way of the Faith. The pagan relatives were beset with fears and prejudices. We listened to their boisterous excuses and protestations.

Sometimes the prince of darkness bars the way, but he cannot daunt us. We know that Christ HAS overcome the world. He is saving it from time and for eternity.

WEDNESDAY We looked in on Tcheng Pit and Pac Me—December and May. Tcheng led us to her friend Pac who promised, after her baptism, to learn some prayers.

"What prayers have you learned so far, Pac Me?"

"I'll say them for you, Sister, although I stumble over a few of the phrases." Her face lighted up with joy and satisfaction as she recited the *Our Father* and *Hail Mary*.

"You see, I recite them very haltingly in parts, because it is very hard at eighty-four to memorize prayers, when one is blind and cannot get the help of the book."

THURSDAY The woman lay dead, still swollen with the disease. She had received Baptism about two months ago. Her faith was a priceless treasure that we had found in a house of a hundred or more pagans. She has been suffering patiently ever since, praying "Jesus, save me!" all the while.

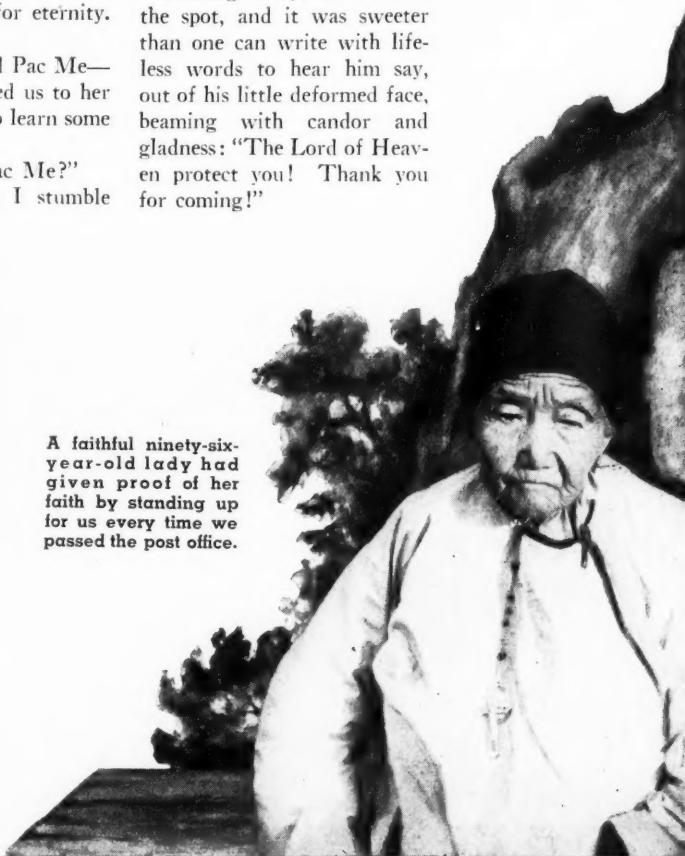
Life having gone from her, several of the Catholic women, with three of the Sisters, went to pray for her, while the relatives of the pagan clan looked on silently, not yet believing. They wanted to bury her with godless noise, joss sticks and smoking effigies. So we left them to their pagan works and pomps. They cannot hurt the

soul of God's new child, for she is already safely in His hands.

FRIDAY Around the mountain side comes Anthony, our little leper friend. We were almost disappointed, for when we arrived he wasn't at home.

But the air soon resounded with the shrill call of his other leper companion, and he appeared around the bend, with staff in the right hand, a bundle of fire sticks under the left arm, and four buffaloes awkwardly galloping in front of him. Finally, his urging was not to their liking, so they, all four of them, threw themselves into the flooded rice fields and indulged in a mud bath. Anthony left them to their devices and kept on running, impelled by this little joy of a friendly visit. In his haste, he slipped off the rice paddy and fell down. The driving wand flew away, but he did not stop to pick it up. "Don't run! We're waiting!" But he would not hear. Immediately he sprang up, and to ensure greater speed he took off his wooden shoes, left his firewood on the footpath—along with the shoes—and pursued his run home.

Panting away, he reached the spot, and it was sweeter than one can write with lifeless words to hear him say, out of his little deformed face, beaming with candor and gladness: "The Lord of Heaven protect you! Thank you for coming!"



A faithful ninety-six-year-old lady had given proof of her faith by standing up for us every time we passed the post office.

CITY OF EVERLASTING HAPPINESS

WOULD you like to accompany a missioner on one of his trips? We set out from Yungfu—the translation of which is "City of Everlasting Happiness." It's a May morning and an ideal day for traveling. As we walk along the irregular cobblestones of the narrow streets, our carrier goes first, balancing on his shoulder a bamboo pole, at each end of which hangs a box containing a Mass kit and other necessities. The ferry has already pulled out into the stream, but the ferryman, seeing the contingent from the Catholic Church approaching, poles back to shore. Then up the opposite bank, and we begin our thirty-mile trip to the first village, where we were to stay that night.

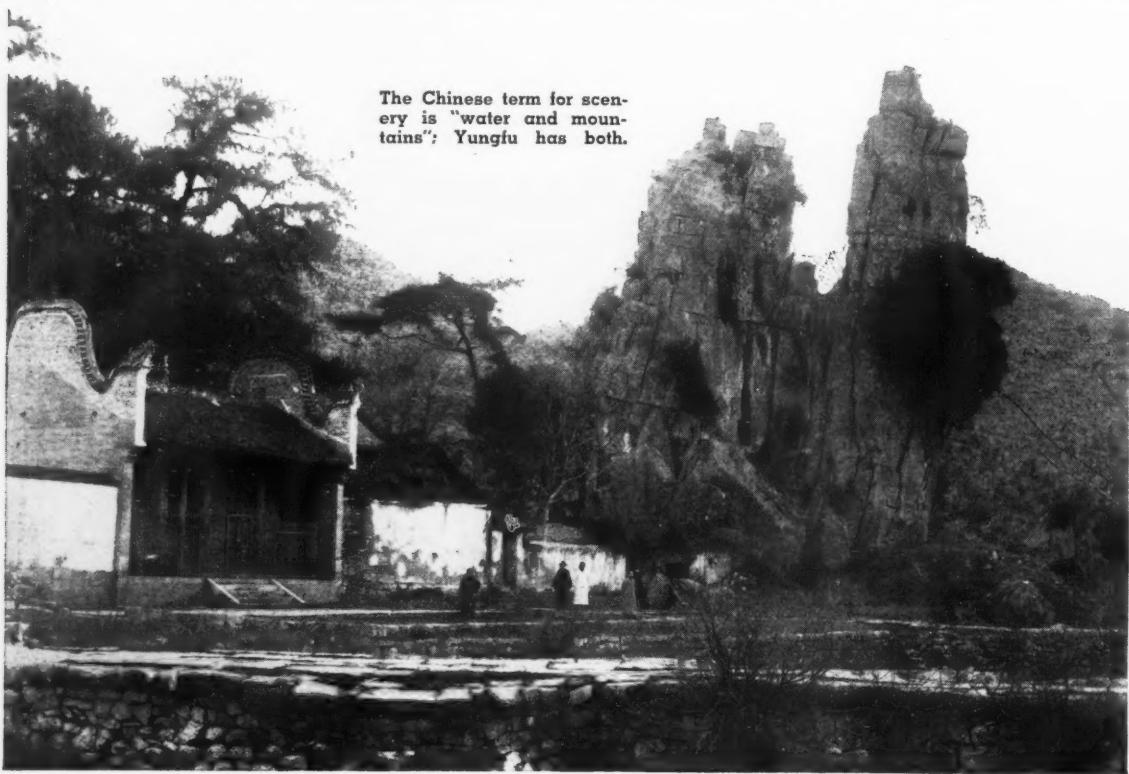
When we have traveled about half the distance, we stop at a roadside inn. "Hot dogs" are not in season, so we must fortify the inner man with a bowl of rice and a few sips of tea. This road, as you may suspect, would be more precisely classified as a path or trail; and the inn



is merely a shelter formed by three mud-brick walls and a thatched roof. But such accidentals do not count; the rice is good, and the people friendly. One old chap asks his crony what nationality we are. "Americans," is the reply. "And where is America?" Perhaps the Land of the Stars and Stripes is not so famous, after all!

The Chinese call scenery "water and mountains," and this particular section of the Flowery Kingdom has its share of both. Just now we're still in the region of the earth-covered mountains, but as we ride on a little farther you will see something really unique. There they are—the famous limestone mountains of Kwangsi! High boulders of rock, fantastic in shape, shoot straight up out of the plain and stretch along as far as the eye can see. They offer a vivid contrast to the ordinary type of mountains that lie on our side of the valley.

It is planting time, and the farmers are at work



The Chinese term for scenery is "water and mountains"; Yungfu has both.

in rice fields that dot the valley. As we approach our first village, the Christian children spy us and give us a welcome that makes the blood tingle.

One of the men, who has a relative in the United States, asks many questions about the great rice country. "Are there many priests in America?"

"Very many," we answer, emphasizing our reply to bring out the greatness of the Church of which he is a member.

"Why, then, don't more priests come to China?"

I try to explain that these priests have much work to do in America, and I add that more and more priests are coming over every year. Somehow or other he gives me the impression that my answers have not been satisfactory.

The next place we visit is some distance away, where a Christian family has its home high up in the hills. Our path now takes us among the limestone mountains, a sort of labyrinth on an immense scale. Winding in and out these great piles of rock, we cannot but marvel at their grandeur and really feel loath to leave them. The carrier, however, leaves them behind without so much as a backward glance and begins to ascend a high mountain which I had been admiring from a distance. It is quite

a climb, but after a few pauses we arrive at our destination, a Chinese farmhouse set in among the trees.

The welcome we receive increases our love for the people, and the tub of hot water thoughtfully provided is a quite tangible expression of their hospitality. As evening comes on, the men sit around, chatting and smoking, constantly replenishing the small bowls of their long pipes. There are a few confessions to hear, and then comes the signal for retiring early. We must be up with the dawn for the Holy Sacrifice, Communion to the sick, and a hasty breakfast before pushing on.

As we make ready to leave, the whole village greets us in farewell blessings before they hurry out to their rice fields. Few moments have ever brought me such happiness as this brief stay in a Chinese farmhouse. But back to Yungfu we must go.

Yungfu! that Chinese town, once rather insignificant, but now the proud possessor of a railroad station and host of countless refugees. Its long, narrow street emits a constant hum of talk; talk that clothes itself in the Chinese language. It may seem strange to you, but Yungfu is home to me. I hope you enjoyed the trip and that we may one day meet again in the true City of Everlasting Happiness.

By Rev. Francis J. Daubert

The villagers greet us with farewell blessings as they go out to the rice fields.



OUR WORLD OF MISSIONS

ARBCHBISHOP Celso Costantini, Secretary of the Congregation for the Propagation of the Faith, spoke in Rome recently of the trying position of the mission world because of the war.

"What remedy can we oppose to this very harmful state of affairs?" he asked. "At present the means at our disposal are for the most part weak and inadequate.

"But we may note the classic remedy, born with mission activity itself, the remedy solemnly recognized by the papal encyclicals; namely, the creation of a local hierarchy with a native clergy. Foreign politics, which affect the foreign missioner in whatever part of the world he may be, have nothing to do with the native clergy. . . .

"Nevertheless, the first bearers of the evangel necessarily are foreigners, quite as were the Apostles themselves. Though we may increase the native missioners, the need, the irreplaceable necessity for foreign missioners, remains.

"Our program, therefore, is this: multiply the foreign missions, establish more native missions, be ever mindful of what both cost in labor, in sacrifice, in godly charity.

"From here in Rome we send our reverent greetings, an assurance of our fraternal union with them, to all the missioners of the world. In this turbulent hour, they are suffering. We wish them to know that we suffer with them, we pray with them, we seek to aid them as best we can; in the words of Saint Paul, 'hoping against hope.'

"While we feel always closely united to our missioners, today we experience more than ever the liveliest sentiments of oneness with them. Let them recall those other words of Saint Paul: 'Combats without, fears within. But God, who comforteth the humble, comforted us.'"

SAN FRANCISCO AND MISSIONS Archbishop Mitty recently invested as Domestic Prelate his Propagation of the Faith Director, the Right Reverend Monsignor James J. Sweeney, to whom we offer our warm congratulations. Characteristically, His Excellency used the occasion to eulogize the missions.

"When Christ established His Church," said His Excellency, "He gave as His final command: 'Going, therefore, teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost, teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you. And behold I am with you all days, even to the consummation of the world.' There was the charter given to the Church by Christ. Therefore, by its very nature the Catholic Church must needs be of a missionary character. It must be always going out to bring Christ's gospel, Christ's Sacrifice, Christ's grace to all people.

"It was only at the turn of the century that the bishops, priests, and people of the United States began to sense

Our note pages on men and things missionary

something of their obligation to repay to the Society for the Propagation of the Faith something of what that organization had done to build up the Church in America.

"The Church in the United States took a second step through the inspired genius of Bishop Walsh of Maryknoll, when he organized a special society that would send priests and Brothers and Sisters, Americans, into the mission field.

"Many of us point to the work that is needed here in our own land. Perfectly true! Much still remains to be done here in the United States. But that does not excuse us from giving our prayers and our financial offerings to help the Father of all Christendom in spreading the Faith throughout the world."

FRUITS OF AN ERA The twenty years from 1919 to 1939 may be regarded as a brief era of prosperity in mission activity. The missioners will probably suffer much less from the present war than they did from the last. Nevertheless, large groups of missioners will be forced to curb their activities until peace returns, while noncombatant nations, such as ours, must be prepared to make a maximum contribution to offset the losses.

The fruits of peace and concerted effort are very consoling. These past twenty years have brought 10,000,000 non-Christians into the Church. Our native clergy in mission lands has risen from less than 4,000 to over 10,000. Forty-four territories of the mission world are now governed by native hierarchies although there were none twenty years ago. Over 200 new mission territories have been created, thus providing over 500 working units governed by bishops or prefects.

If the present war is long, there will be a lull in activity, which may, in our poor human way of seeing things, seem very costly. But, God willing, the good days will return. Pope Pius XI said, when dying, that he almost envied the young who will live to witness "the bright Christian future beyond Europe."

WORDS ON A SUBLIME CALLING At the old monastery of the Ursulines of Quebec, in Valleyfield, the three-hundredth anniversary of the arrival from France of Mother Marie of the Incarnation was observed recently. Dom Albert Jamet of the Bénédictines pronounced the discourse, which was sublime in its characterization of this great missionary pioneer of Canada, but was particularly happy in its elevated thought on the Catholic missioner. We quote a passage:

"Can a man ever be bearer of so weighty a message? Indeed he is no longer a man. The apostle who has nothing to give or to say of himself, who speaks always

in the name and by the authority of another, in a certain sense is no longer himself. Under this guise, it is Another's face which he presents to us; the sound of his voice is but the veil over a word which comes from higher than he.

"So, likewise, it is no longer he whom men receive; it is not in him they pronounce their faith. 'We now believe, not for thy saying; for we ourselves have heard him and know that this is indeed the Savior of the world.' (John iv: 42) It is not to him that they give themselves; it is to Christ, who sent him, and to the Father, who has sent Christ. 'He that receiveth you, receiveth me; and he that receiveth me, receiveth him that sent me.' (Matt x: 40)"

TURKEY OR DRY BREAD

"Among missionaries," wrote one of them recently, "quite as everywhere else, there are those who, in the consolations they are receiving, are forever eating turkey dinners, and those whose daily repast is dry bread."

Again come reports of another year's tremendous advances in Africa, with hundreds of thousands of adult baptisms. The bishops of Central, East, and West Africa are on bended knees beseeching their motherhouses to send more priests, a petition which must for the most part go unheeded in face of the war.

Compare the life of missionaries in Africa with that of the Lord's vedettes in the Moslem world, where many priests are without the privilege of a single convert in a year.

An historic example of lean fare of another sort is to be had on our own continent in the experience of the early Jesuits in Lower California, a region which to this day is one of the barren and forbidden areas of the globe.

Educated and sometimes fastidious gentlemen, these eighteenth-century missionaries labored in unutterable loneliness among childish minds and ill-smelling bodies, huts, villages. A letter to Mexico would receive an answer



This beautiful statue of Our Lady of Peace stands in Sacred Heart Basilica at Montmartre, Paris.

within a year, one to Europe might require several years. The Indians were really ill-fed, ill-housed, ill-clad, and ill-armed. Added to this was their traditional religion, so hard to eradicate, which seemed contrived only to torture the poor wretches, since it forbade much that was natural and reasonable. The mountain lion, useless and dangerous beast, might not be slain; a hunter could not eat his own kill; a woman could not at times look at her husband's mother.

Father Kino and his companions endured almost a century of this and secured at least passing allegiance from these dull-headed creatures, whose only attraction was their possession of a soul. Then, in the irony of human affairs, Charles III of Spain banished the Jesuits from his realms. What had cost so much in bitterness had to be abandoned.

It is part of every missionaries' creed to gamble thus with the outcome of his labors. Feast or famine, God's will be done. If your zeal for the world apostolate is new and you are discovering for the first time that there are lush spots and barren in the missionaries' world, do not give your interest solely to those where progress is great. The entire task is a single field, in which the missionary who is reaping a meager harvest stands as high in God's esteem as he who is blessed with souls in abundance.

COOPERATION INCUMBENT UPON ALL

Cooperation in the spread of the Kingdom of God, which in every century is effected in different ways, is a command incumbent upon everyone who has been seized by Divine Grace from the slavery of Satan and called in Baptism to citizenship of the Kingdom of God.

—Pope Pius XII



The teacher was entirely oblivious of the brown sails in Hong Kong Bay.

THUNDER OVER HONG KONG

By Rev. George L. Krock



HAVE you ever seen a duck listening to thunder? He turns his head and sweeps the sky with one round eye, and wonders; but he cannot comprehend.

Our Chinese teachers told us about the duck and thunder soon after we arrived in Stanley. That first week was full of new impressions. We marveled at the bright hot days by the sea, with pagan parades, slow, garish, and strange. Then evening, and the three-sailed junks coming softly up the sea roads bound for home. The short twilight, loud with insects in the hibiscus; the great moon over Tai Tam Bay, rising to change the scene to silver; the tall junks, silent, silver shadows in the harbor under the hill.

One morning during our first week here, a knock sounded on my open door. I called, "Come in!" and then turned towards the door. A young man, with slanting eyes and black hair, clad in Oriental day clothes similar to pajamas, stood there. This was my teacher. He dusted off the chair; and then the thunder started, and I was the duck. Five hours a day, for a full two weeks, we shouted tones at each other—the Chinese version of baby talk: "Fa, fa, fa!" rising and falling;

"Poo, poo!" sustained and staccato.

I received a Chinese name, *Gong Sin Fu*, and I was told that henceforth I should be known as "Water Jar, the Spiritual Father." So from morning till night, Yap Sing San labored at filling Water Jar with liquid tones of Hakka Land. Day by day I learned the ways of the Land of Chan. Asked my honorable age and if I had eaten rice yet, I replied in parrot fashion that "my miserable age is thirty-one," and that I had eaten rice "to satisfaction" or "not yet," as the case might be.

Knowing the endless combinations possible with the vowel sounds, and finding the consonants further increased by six different tones, I wondered at one word meaning seven, or even seventeen, things. Strange likenesses and deep differences popped out of each page. I found that *You* could mean: friend, right, oil, from, swim, also, grapefruit, lodge, furthermore, shaddock, have, again, source, out of, and postage stamp! They assured me that the meaning would be clear from the context!

For long, the difficulty was to know when to stop studying and digest a bit. But as soon as one rested on the oars, one heard of some pass- (Continued on page 13)

ORIENTAL ODDITIES

MAGICAL charms were, and still are, much used in China by the simple country folk in their superstitious efforts to avoid the all-too-frequent natural disasters which afflict this patient people.

The common house fire affords an instance of this "charmed" prevention. When a home is burned down, the superstitious dread of the neighbors is so great that the victims are not allowed to seek refuge anywhere indoors for three days after the conflagration. Superstition adds homelessness to the loss by fire.

Meanwhile, a fire charm must be secured from a Taoist monk. This informs the god of fire, *Yen-ti*, what house has burned and what the loss has been. The god of fire is, therefore, politely petitioned against a repetition. When the required expiation to *Yen-ti* has been performed, the sufferers resume their normal relations in the community. Near the scene of the fire, five paper charms are used, of five different colors—violet in the center, blue towards the north, green at the east, red for the south, and yellow for the west. On each charm are printed the names of the five primal elements: metal, wood, water, fire, and earth.

When the victims are adherents of Buddhism, the Buddhist monks are engaged to pray at the site of the fire. Usually they inscribe in whitewash on the charred ruins the Chinese word for water, enclosed in a circle. The obvious meaning is that water extinguishes fire, while a circle confines. Putting these together, we arrive at the idea that, by virtue of the spirit of water, further fires in the vicinity will be confined. And hence the neighbors' fears that the demon of fire may next attack them are allayed.

Modern education in the past half century has greatly dispelled the ancient superstitions. Vigilant care of fires and inflammables has supplanted for the most part these old interesting, if weird, customs.

Christian converts, especially, realize that an ounce of fire prevention is better than an infinity of charms, for they have learned the lesson of cause and effect. While the objective of the missioner is fundamentally the spiritual education of his people, untold natural and practical information is indirectly gained by his converts in the process of evangelization. The missioner, his

catechists, and his Christians gradually assume roles in the community as exponents of enlightenment, as apostles of progress as well as of the gospel of Christ.

The Chinese, famed as artisans of social living, are deeply concerned with life's origin and end. Not only are children loved, but a numerous progeny is considered a proof of distinction. Girls do not lack parental affection, but boys are the favorites, since through them the family name becomes immortal. The goddess of mercy, *Kwan-yin*, is the most popular deity supplicated for numerous progeny. Not only does she hold a prominent place in the galaxy of pagan deities, but she is also believed to have many powerful minor goddesses in her retinue.

Although convinced devotees of such superstitions may still be found in rural areas, the various child cults have come to be regarded by moderns as only the expression of an ancient and attractive folklore.

Missioners today do not find great difficulty in dispelling such superstitious attitudes from the minds of their catechumens. Occasionally some women will cling stubbornly to such beliefs, thus preventing conversion. But, generally, prospective converts who retain a wistful attachment to practices once close to their hearts relinquish them under the grace and the enlightenment afforded by instruction in the true Faith. The fatherhood of God and the merciful humanity of Christ so appeal to their minds and move their hearts, that these misbeliefs are happily abandoned, on conversion.

Chinese pagans have a great respect for the fire god.



THUNDER OVER HONG KONG

(Continued from page 12) ing genius who had mastered the language in three months and had even written a book about it (while resting, no doubt, in his padded cell). I shall never forget the thrill at finding the first mistake in that book. There are, then, other "ducks." But now the thunder is becoming intelligible, and the year is passing. I have a map on my wall, or, as the Chinese say, "an earth picture," and it shows the route I shall travel soon to my mission in Hakka Land.

MARYKNOLL THE FIELD AFAR

CATHOLIC FOREIGN MISSION SOCIETY OF AMERICA

Founded 1907 by Ecclesiastical Authority. Published Monthly.

TO THOSE WHO LOVE GOD ALL THINGS WORK TOGETHER FOR GOOD

A DELICATE TASK

Leaders in the mission movement are forever searching for the alchemist's stone that will mint the gold needed for their work without the accompaniment of wasted effort and needless irritation. A necessary work can cause unnecessary labor and trouble when not carefully regimented. Preaching and publicity are natural means to underwrite this need, and this system has the distinct advantage of imparting mission education while extracting mission support.

It may be that this is the program indicated by Divine Providence for the present stage of the mission movement in this country. Yet it has some palpable disadvantages. One is the exposure of pastors and people to a series of appeals limited only by their own good nature. And another that is less commonly noted but no less irksome is the tying up of a mission personnel that could otherwise be utilized on the actual mission field. This work is both difficult and delicate, and it usually falls to men distinguished for the very qualities that make the successful missioner. The man who can negotiate mission support in America is the same person who can engineer mission conversions in China, and it is something of a pity that he cannot be freed from the one to devote himself to the other.

The existing system must be in the plan of God, because it has the approval of the Church for the present period; but we trust we are not expecting an impossible utopia in looking forward to a time when mission support will be underwritten with less strain on all concerned.

PEACE WITHOUT JUSTICE

Civil war that aligns brother against brother is said to be the worst form of war, but every war is a civil war because all men are brothers. It is not inclusion in an ethnic group or a national grouping that makes men brothers, but inclusion in a common family stemming from the common parenthood of God. Thus every war is as bad as can be, by the very definition of the terms; a tragedy that always involves the pitiable bitterness of a family fight; the *ne plus ultra* of wreck and failure for

all concerned; the ultimate depths of the fatal quagmire that entombs all our dreams of peace for the great human family.

Yet, tragic as it all is, there can never be peace without justice, and there will never be justice without God. No family can get along without its Head.

LIGHT IN SORROW

How many people can testify that, if calamity had not visited them, they might have forgotten God. Sorrow has a sobering effect: it causes one to pause and reflect; frequently it drives a laggard to the feet of the Master. Many things in life become insignificant in the light of eternity; fundamental truths are stripped clear of trivialities by sober reflection. Thus it is that war and all its horrors bring the participants face to face with death, and from that experience comes a realization that we have not here a lasting city. Small wonder, then, that out of the present maelstrom in the Orient comes a flood of conversions to the true Faith. Countless refugees are for the first time experiencing the gentle charity of Christ, administered by the missioners. Reports indicate that one million Chinese are now studying Catholic doctrine in preparation for Baptism. God draws good out of evil.

OUR HOLY FATHER'S INTENTION

The Holy Father's mission intention for May recommends a special memento in our prayers for catechumens and neophytes.

A *catechumen* is a person who is undergoing instruction and training in the Faith in preparation for the reception of Baptism. The word comes from the Greek and signifies "one who is being instructed."

The term *neophyte*, also of Greek origin, means "one who is a new plant" in the garden of the Church. The word generally refers to newly baptized converts.

Catechumens in mission countries last year numbered three-and-a-quarter millions. Their period of training varies from six months to two or more years. The number of neophytes at the same time was four hundred and thirty thousand.

We who have been born in the Faith often do not fully appreciated the contrast between the gloom of paganism and the bright light of Catholic truth. All these catechumens and neophytes have embarked on a grand adventure of utmost significance in their lives. They have broken with the past; in many cases they have sacrificed persons and things dear to them to follow the call of Christ to a peace of soul and an eternal bliss never before dreamed of. In their joy they perhaps do not realize the trials and temptations that await them before they reach port. They have need of our prayers that they may persevere in their good resolutions, that by faithful correspondence with divine grace they may continue to be worthy fellow members of the Mystical Body of Christ and devoted children of our common Heavenly Father.

Their need of our fraternal interest may be brought home by a consideration of Our Lord's parable of the sower and the seed, which affords a perfect illustration of the forces at work in the mission field. Each missionary priest, Brother, and Sister is a sower who, having gone out from home, is busy from morning till night sowing the good seed by word and example. As in the

parable, their efforts meet with varying success.

The seed that falls by the wayside applies to those who, in the words of Christ, hear but do not understand. They include thousands upon thousands who come into casual contact with the missioner in his daily rounds at his station or in his journeys often. They hasten past him in their pursuit of earthly vanities, little realizing that they have turned their backs on the most precious treasure in the world. They were called to be catechumens, but not chosen.

The seed upon stony ground applies to catechumens who seem to begin well enough but do not persevere. The fault may be that of the catechumen, who does not apply himself seriously to study. Often enough the cause is more objective: want of funds prevents the missioner from securing needed catechists and teachers. And thus many, who at first hearken with joy, believe only for a while and fall away in the hour of trial when trouble or persecution arises on account of the Word.

The seed among thorns illustrates the case of catechumens and neophytes who, after accepting the word wholeheartedly, bring no fruit to maturity, either because they are overburdened with material cares or because they gradually succumb to temptation. The "new plant" that has grown so well for a time is choked to death by briars, being denied the sap of life by overmuch anxiety or all-consuming passion for wealth or pleasure. Competition with the cares and seductions of the world proves too great for a languishing faith. There may be little time for God because of too pressing requirements for the means of subsistence.

The seed in good ground reveals clearly what should be the goal of our prayers. It represents those who both hear and understand, and with a noble and generous heart hold fast to the Word and yield fruit with endurance. These are the catechumens and neophytes who, because of our prayers and our sacrifices for the support of catechists and teachers, are able to receive solid instruction and strike deep root, and who, because of the special graces flowing from our prayers and the sacrifices that place the wherewithal of charity in the missioner's hand, are enabled to escape excessive anxiety and to master the seductions of inordinate desire.

The life germ and the potentialities of the "new plant" come solely and entirely from God. But the environment in which it is intended to grow and bear fruit is subject in a large measure to our shaping.

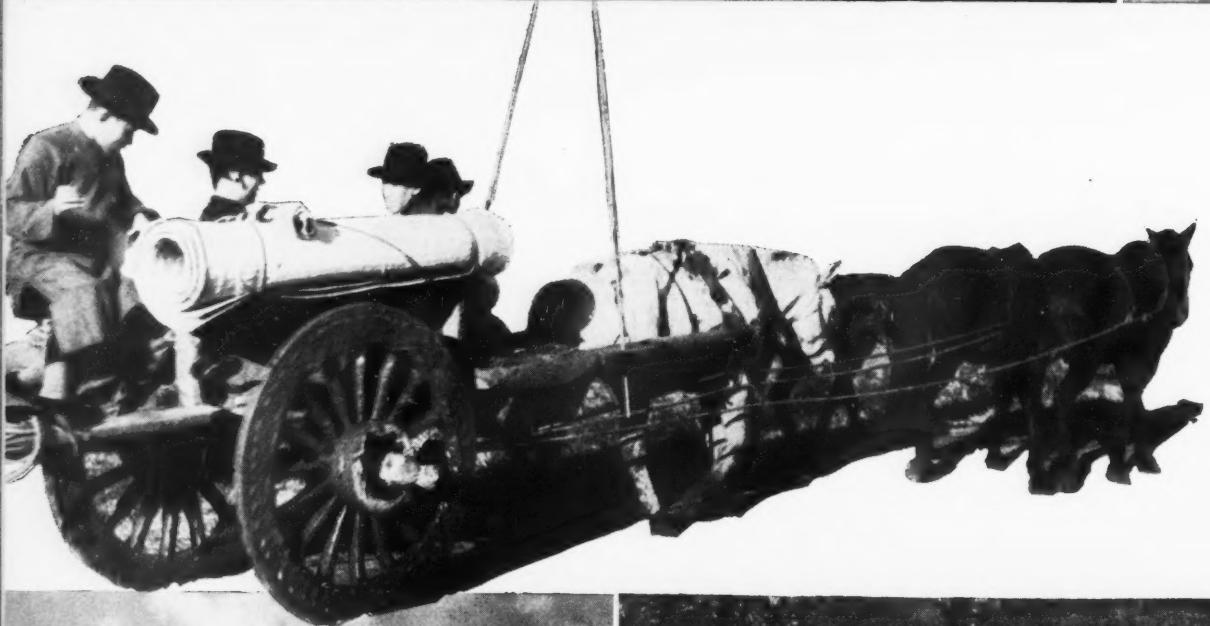
While it is always God alone who giveth the increase, it is nevertheless Paul who plants and Apollo who waters. The missioners are following faithfully in the footsteps of Paul. We by prayer and sacrifice may tread in those of Apollo.



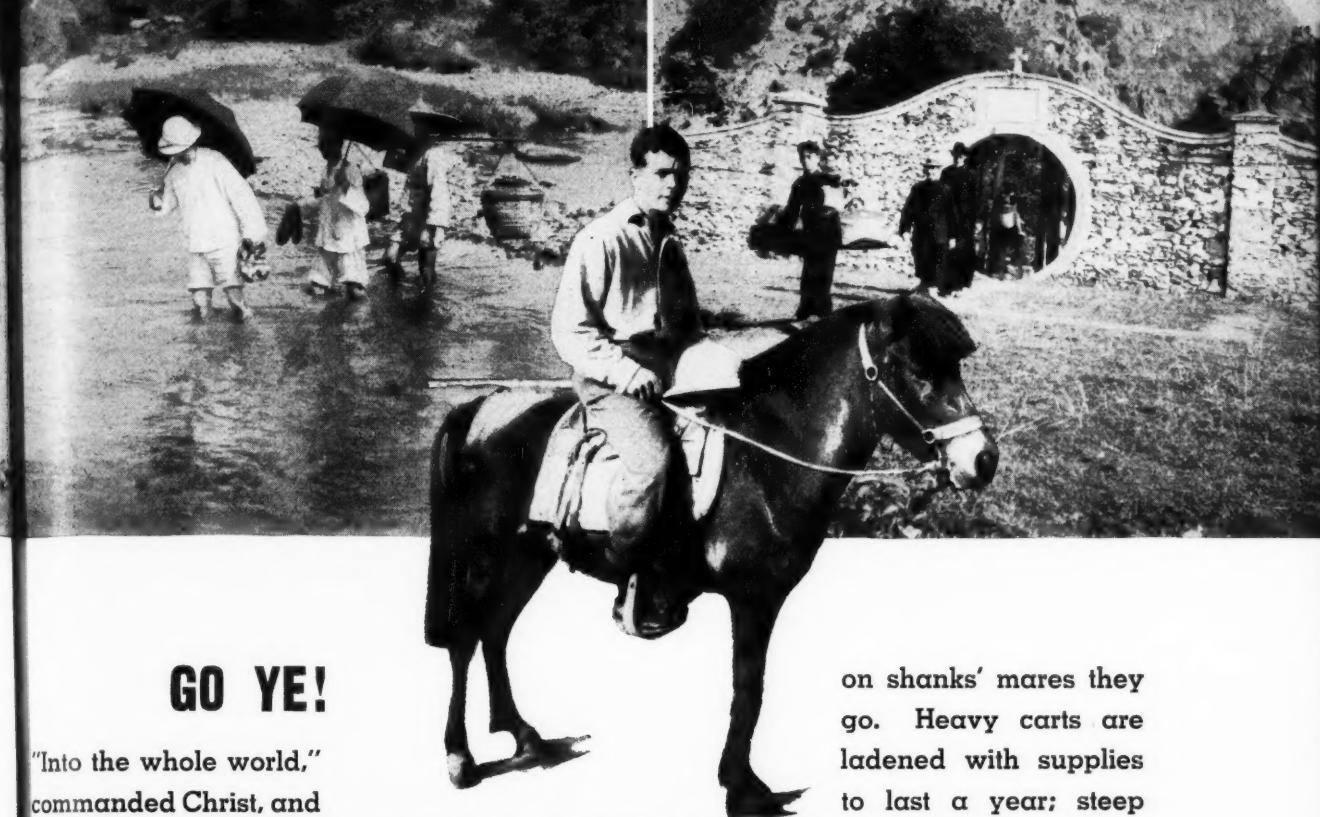
OUR LADY OF CHINA

*Thou art as pale as the pear-blossom, and
more lovely than the lotus;
The grace of the willow is thine—and thy
voice is its sighing, O Lady!
In the courts of mandarins there is no
woman like to thee,
And thy handmaids are the daughters of
princes.
Thy name is costly incense rising, or moon-
light on a lily pond
When the shadows steal down from the
mountains;
And white as frost on the moon; the tall
bamboos
Bow to the ground at thy passing, even as
our hearts, O Lady!*

—MARION PALMER



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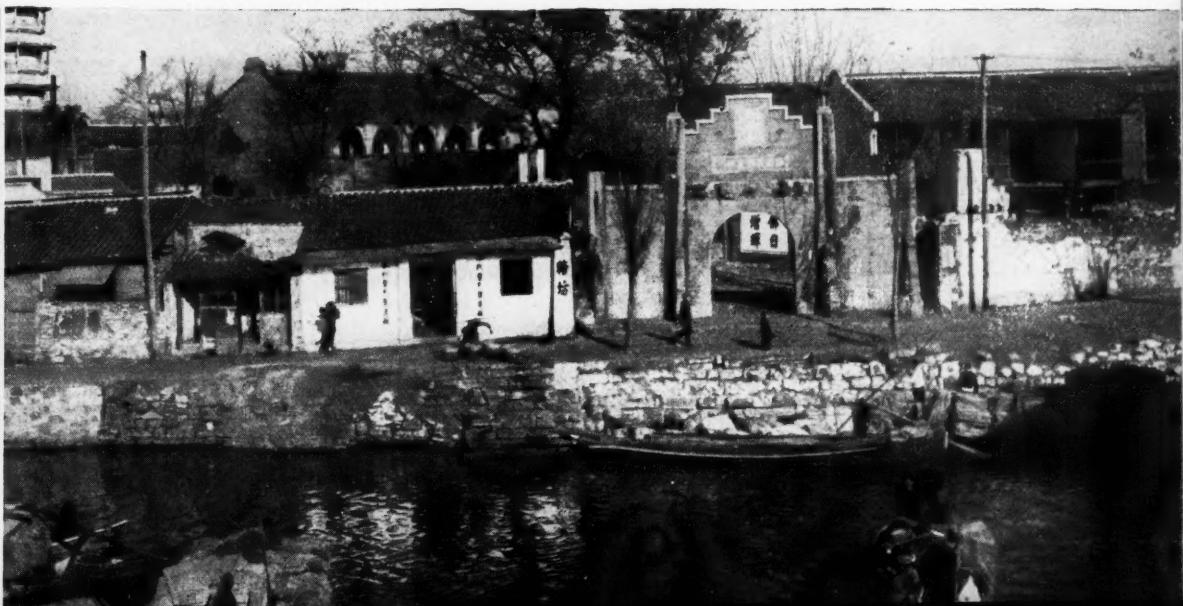


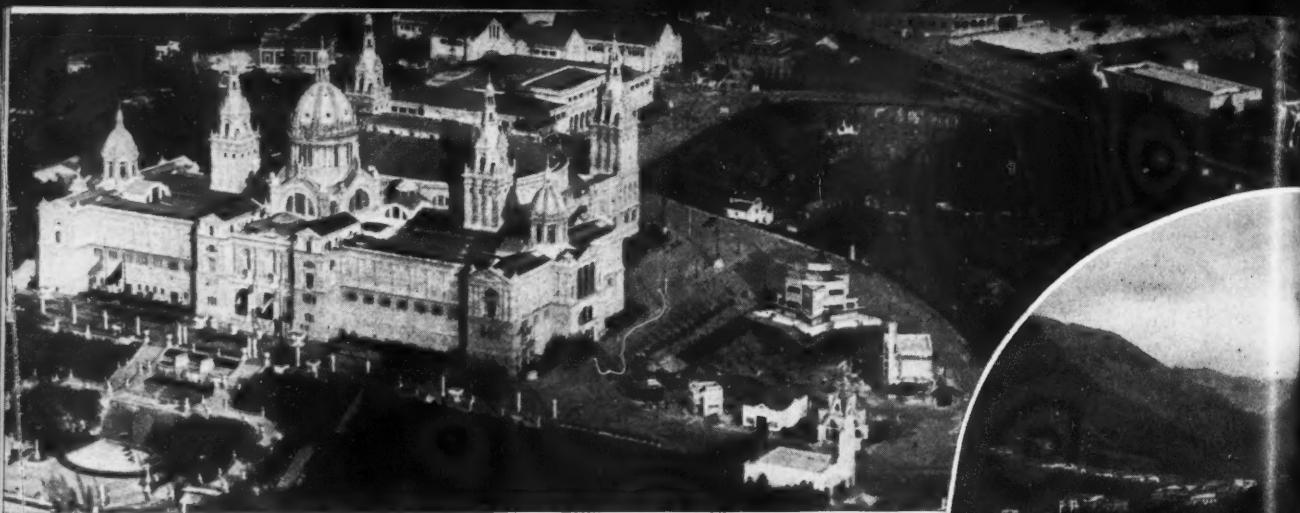
GO YE!

"Into the whole world," commanded Christ, and

Maryknoll missioners, hearing His voice, continue their going in search of souls. Along narrow, shallow streams, in a fragile boat—little more than a raft—barefooted through muddy rivers, on horseback, and

on shanks' mares they go. Heavy carts are laden with supplies to last a year; steep hillsides and lowly valleys are traversed. Souls are to be saved everywhere, and the missioner goes forth daily in response to the plea of his Exemplar. Do your prayers follow him as he goes?





MAY SHRINES AND THE MISSIONS

The writer of this article seems to address himself to clients of Our Lady who will gather daily at her May shrines. Sometime ago a very practical suggestion was made to the directors of famous shrines; that suggestion repeated here may accomplish much for missioners and their work

A PRELATE visiting the famous shrine of Our Lady of Pompeii, in Italy, was greatly impressed by the crowds in attendance, the piety of the pilgrims, the devotions, and the discourses throughout each day. Yet something was lacking. "I reviewed each phase of the day's devotions," he said, "to find out what was missing. Then suddenly it dawned upon me: in all these prayers there was not even one *Hail Mary* offered for the missions or for the conversion of the heathen."

As soon as the realization was verified, the prelate-pilgrim began to act. It was as though Our Lady herself had inspired him with the thought: See these people, millions upon millions, visiting my shrines, offering their homage and praise. And not only here at Pompeii are they gathered; think of the other millions who go to Lourdes, Oropa, Loretto, and Montserrat, asking me to present to my Divine Son their prayers and their petitions. Yet, as I look down upon them and listen to their supplications, I cannot but remember those other hundreds of millions—all my children, given to me at the foot of the cross—who do not yet know my Son. They are not here. They should be. But those who are here seem unmindful of them. No prayer for them rises to me from the spots on earth I have visited. I want to help those others. I

want these, my children of grace, to help them, too.

As a result, at Pompeii a prayer for the missions and one *Hail Mary* were added to the usual devotions. Encouraged by this first success, the prelate repeated his request to every great shrine of Our Lady in Europe, and the immediate response was most gratifying.

At Lourdes, an invocation was added just after a prayer for the Holy Father: "Our Lady of Lourdes, Queen of the Missions, pray for the heathen!" A pilgrim at Lourdes noted:

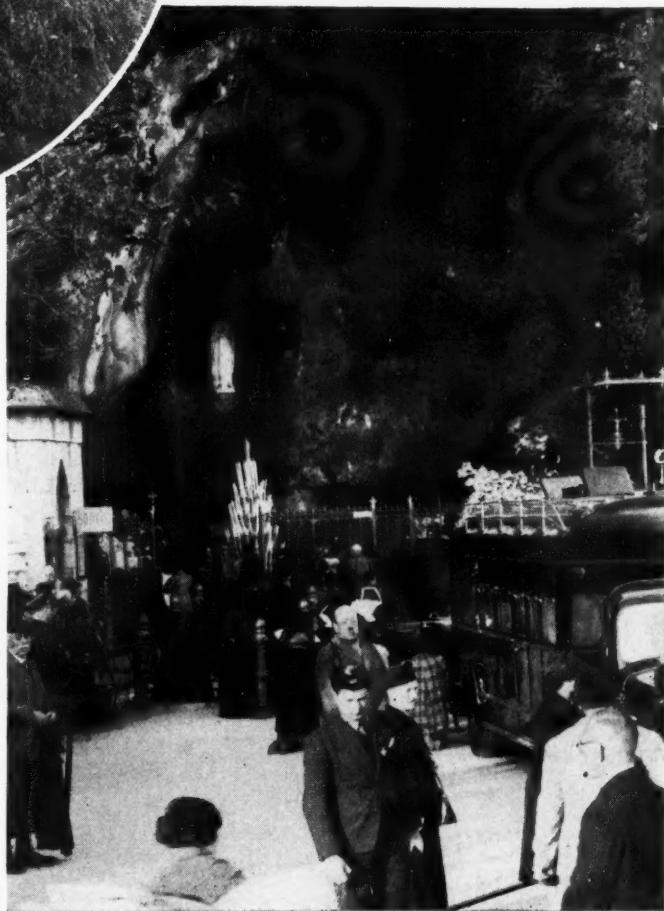
"On the first day of the pilgrimage, the seemingly endless procession of the Blessed Sacrament was at its height—the blessing of some two thousand sick. A crowd of twenty thousand worshipers was repeating the customary invocations. Suddenly, after the triple invocation for the Pope and for peace, came the invocation: 'Our Lady of Lourdes, Queen of the Missions, pray for the conversion of the heathen.' The multitude was caught by surprise but hesitated only a moment. The formula was so simple, so clear, that it was repeated with verve and enthusiasm. It was lying dormant in the hearts of all, and its mere mention was sufficient to start it like a fiery dart from the lips of twenty thousand faithful."

From Oropa came a like response; as also from the



Millions upon millions visit yearly the shrines of Mary at Lourdes and at other spots made famous by an apparition of Our Lady. To the prayers for the sick, have been added invocations for missions and missioners.

May shrines may be the beginning of a great prayerful mission movement in this country. Then, daily prayers for the missions at the various shrines of Mary will constitute an unceasing propaganda which, like the silent dew of May nights, will gradually bear fruit in the minds and hearts of the faithful, opening to them the wide horizons of the apostolate and warming them with a most ardent love for the missions.



Capuchin Father in charge of the Holy House of Loretto.

In the diocese of Cremona, the bishop ordered that a *Pater*, *Ave*, and *Gloria* be recited after Solemn Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, for the missions and for the conversion of the heathen, and a *Pater*, *Ave*, and *Gloria* also at simple Benediction and in connection with the rosary.

Here in America, thousands of shrines will be erected to Our Lady during this, her month of May. If only one out of each ten Catholics in this country were to breathe a prayer, once a day during May, for the missions and for conversions, we should be sending two million such prayers every day to heaven. Multiply that by thirty-one days, and you will grasp something of the possibilities that are ours for souls.

Further, if each novena devotion to Our Sorrowful Mother or to Our Lady of Perpetual Help included one such prayer, think of the power for good that would be exercised at Our Lady's throne.

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THE MARYKNOLL SISTERS

Spring Sowing



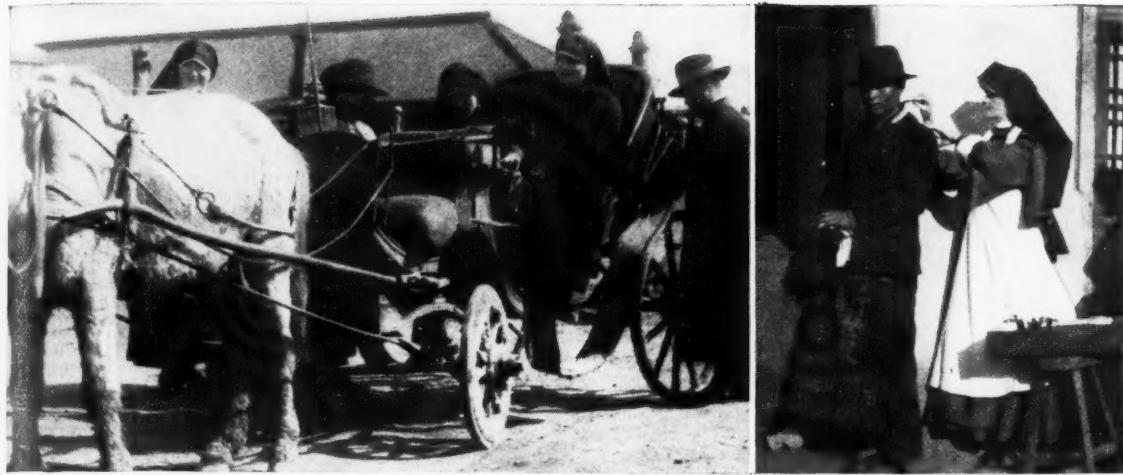
Many interesting sights greeted the new arrivals at T'ung Hua. Not least among them was little "Sweet Pea" who solemnly gave the Sisters a left-handed blessing.



In the Manchu village where Father Clarence Burns was captured by bandits four years ago, two Sisters recently opened a convent.

"We're grateful for the railway," writes the superior, Sister Miriam Schmitt, of Merrill, Wisconsin. "But for it, we should not be here at all. Before the railway came, this place was not considered safe for foreigners, because of bandits."

"Though Sister Angela Marie Coveny, who is here with me, hails from Chatham, Ontario, we are both as proud as any two Americans could be. We made the trip from Fushun to T'ung Hua by rail in nine and a half hours, a journey that took the first missionaries a week



Hardly had the Sisters descended from their royal (?) coach when dispensary patients demanded attention.

by muleback and cart!

"Being the first foreign Sisters in T'ung Hua, we were curiosities for a while. The second morning after we arrived, while we were eating breakfast, we had visitors—a group of dear old ladies who came for a 'look-see,' smiling and nodding to their strange new friends. Finally, after a prolonged visit they all departed but one, who insisted upon having a catechism lesson!

"In our future parlor there were packing boxes galore, but not a single chair. Recalling Saint Paul's admonition to be 'instant in season and out,' we converted one packing box into a rostrum for the teacher and another into a seat for the eager pupil. Thus was conducted our first catechism lesson in T'ung Hua.

"Many other 'firsts' followed: The first attempts to plan and cook meals with no flour, rice, or potatoes available. The first experience with the Chinese carpenter, who listened gravely to our orders and then assured us that he would come back in five days to do the work, after he had fittingly celebrated his brother's wedding! The first dispensary patient!

"Most important of all was the first home visitation. Climbing to the top of the mountain behind the church, we found there an attractive farming village. On the way up the mountain, we became well acquainted with the children, who had the time of their lives helping us over the steep places. In the tiny mud houses that made up the village, everyone smiled a welcome. In one home there was a large picture of The Sacred Heart, and when we commented on it the family blessed themselves and sang their prayers.

"It was not hard to feel at home with these simple, kindly people. Upon our admiring the roses which bloomed outside one old lady's windows, we were presented with a slip for our convent garden. From the roses we transferred our admiration to the ducks and the donkeys and even to the pigs. All the while each of us

was kept busy answering questions about her medal and rosary and crucifix. When it came time for us to descend the mountain, we felt like old friends.

"One of our new young friends was *Sweet Pea*, a three-year-old, whose shaven head gave him an amusing appearance. He will bestow his blessing—with his left hand—on anyone who asks it, as solemnly as a bishop. His father is a convert from Buddhism, having spent twenty-five years in a Buddhist monastery."

All this happened before winter came. Even on their trip to T'ung Hua last October, the Sisters had glimpsed mountains and ravines covered with snow, reminding them that the long Manchu winter ahead would send the mercury down to forty below. That rose slip, acquired on their first day of visiting, had to be carefully nursed to survive for spring planting. But what is a convent without a garden? A Sister just wouldn't be a missionary if she didn't like to help coax seeds and slips to grow into plants and trees. Perhaps it is because the convent garden, however small, is a symbol of the heathen world as a garden thirsting for the seeds of Faith.

Now that the winter is gone, spring sowing is in progress both within and without the convent garden at T'ung Hua. What it will bring forth only God knows, who waters the ground with His graces.

MORE SOWERS NEEDED

More young women ready to leave home and country.
More people here at home ready to sponsor a Sister
at a dollar a day.

Address: Mother Mary Joseph, Maryknoll P. O., N. Y.

All sorts of things spring up in May—crocuses and crickets and street-corner preachers. This Maryknoller has one advantage: he speaks with one hand and delivers mail with the other.



MARYKNOLL IN MAY

An old, old friend, but one who never before sampled our corned beef and sauerkraut, dropped in on us recently en route from Ireland to Africa. It was none other than the genial Mill Hill bishop, His Excellency, Most Reverend Peter Rogan, Vicar Apostolic of Buea, British Cameroons.

The five Rogan brothers and their only sister are all foreign missionaries, and in the early days of Maryknoll at least one of them was featured in successive issues of *THE FIELD AFAR*. When a correspondence of thirty years was sealed with the actual visit of Bishop Rogan we were all as pleased as if a long-lost son had returned to his father's house.

His Excellency was, in turn, as astonished and happy at the Maryknoll he had never seen as at the development he scarcely believed possible. His happy recollection of early events and people startled some of the newcomers to our hilltop, but all felt that the bishop was a part of Maryknoll, and as he left he took a great piece of our hearts along with him. Long life to the buoyant *soggarth aroon* as he toils and smiles mid the Cameroons!

Previously we have sadly noted the departure of our cows. The empty silos stand like silent turrets about the abandoned bovine castle. But the cornfield—shall it slip back into “the forest primeval”? No! Just a few weeks ago a host of shovels descended upon it. Gradually eight hundred holes appeared in the loamy soil and received as many apple and pear trees into their fertile depths. Soon this will be another field of action for the musketeers of the tree-trimming squad, with their sharp clippers and biting saws. These arboreal barbers may be in far-off China by the time the trees have matured. When that time comes and Mary's month rolls round, travelers along Pines Bridge Road will look with delight upon another trim orchard of entrancing May blossoms.

May, the beautiful month of Our Lady, is welcomed at The Venard and at all Maryknoll

From top to bottom: Seminarians take a hand in transplanting trees and bushes whose boughs, they hope, may blossom beyond the Seminary tower. Inset: Most Reverend Peter Rogan. Below: May devotions at The Venard, Maryknoll College

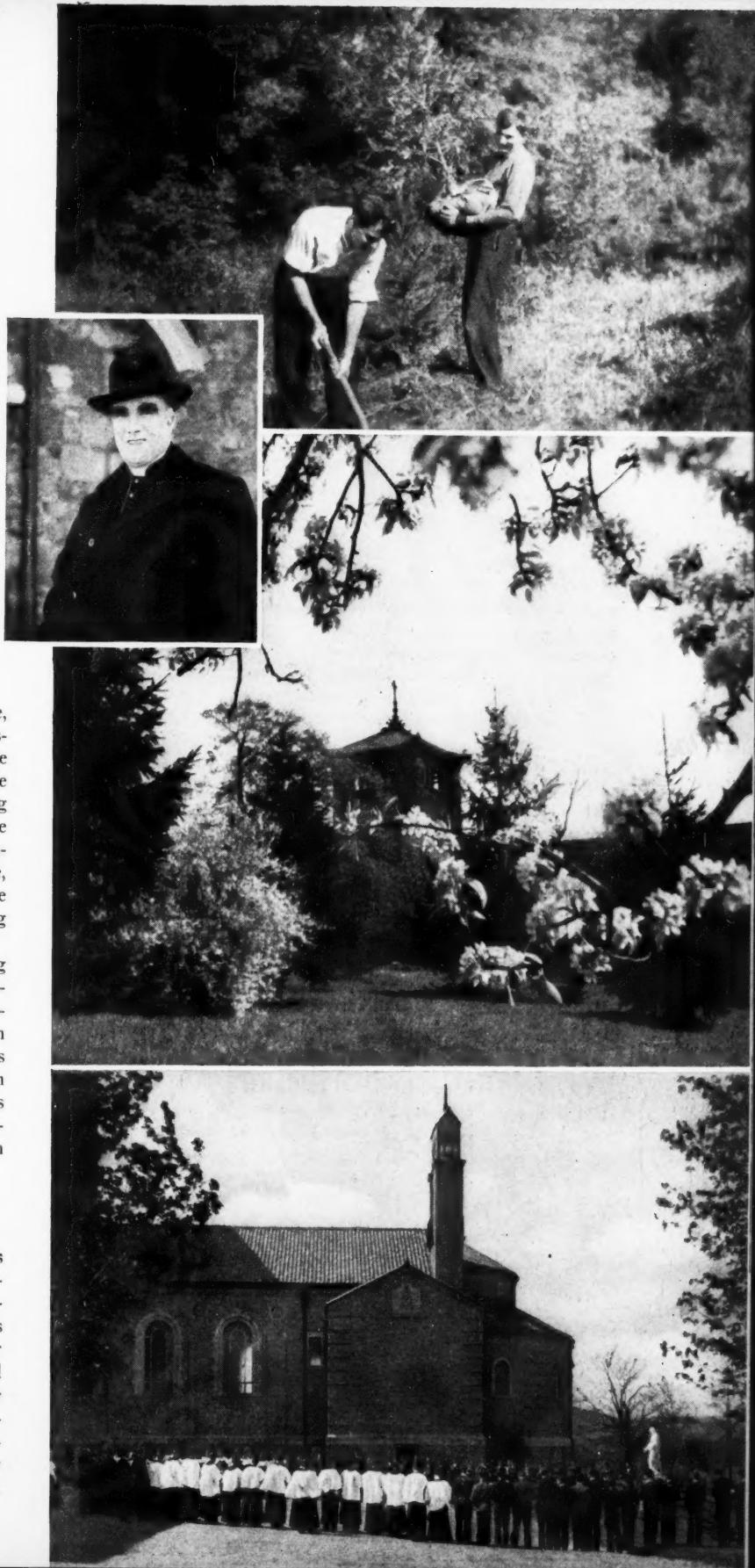
houses, with many community devotions in honor of the Blessed Mother. Peculiar to May is the custom of singing an evening song to Mary while gathered together at her outdoor statue.

The praise of Our Lady, however, is not limited to one month or one season alone. Every day throughout the year, the rosary becomes a chain of love that binds the souls of a Mother and her sons. With this devotion, too, is a Maryknoll tradition connected. It was established by the late cofounder, Father Price, whose tender attachment to Mary is ever associated with his saintly character. Unlike the familiar practice of chapel recitation of the rosary, the Maryknoll custom is that of saying the *Aves* while walking about the grounds. The busy life of a missioner often necessitates continuous travel over an extended period of time, and it was for this reason that Father Price wished Maryknollers to become used to saying the rosary under various conditions.

This custom is very impressive to the young campers who stay at Maryknoll during the summer months. Many of them were never accustomed to a daily recitation of the rosary. When so indulged a practice is presented in this form, they often adopt it for themselves. In fact, the boys, who so often become restless when required to kneel quietly for a few minutes, prefer to say the rosary as their seminarian counselors do.

High-School Years

It is generally agreed that high-school years are the time when most young Americans interested in the priesthood come to some definite decision. Practically all of the seventy new students accepted by Maryknoll during the past year were either in high school or had just completed their high-school course. Comparatively few came from colleges. While a considerable number of boys begin to think of the priesthood during the grades, the great majority wait until they are in high school before reaching any decision.



AMONG OUR FRIENDS

ALL GOD'S WORLD The following excerpt from a letter to Maryknoll's Superior General is another expression of confidence and blessing from the American hierarchy, who have so generously encouraged Maryknoll. The writer is His Excellency, Most Reverend Bartholomew J. Eustace, D.D., Bishop of Camden, New Jersey.

"We need God's blessing on our own work at home, and I know no surer way of obtaining that blessing than by helping abroad. At home and abroad it is all God's world, and we should be blind to our own interests if we did not sometimes lift our eyes to the fields afar where, in anxious expectation, the Gospel message is awaited. We are poor and in need ourselves. We have great need, in particular, of more priests; but I know that the best way of supplying our own deficiency is to give something of the little we have to those who have less.

"I therefore trust and pray that many a generous heart will receive with gladness the inspired message of Maryknoll; and that many young apostles, following the call of the Master, will go to you—yet not leave us. To spread the Gospel anywhere is to spread it everywhere. While, then, our young people may leave us by going to work on the missions, yet the blessing of their sacrifices will redound to our own great benefit and remain with us."

SPONSORS God has His own way of rewarding a sacrifice made in His name. Often our readers tell us of some visible grace that has come to them after they have made a sacrifice for His missioners.

One story that we like is that of the ten-year-old boy who received a dollar for a birthday present. In his home and circumstances a dollar looked much larger than a hundred cents. 'What are you going to buy with it?'

BURSES

A Burse (\$6,000) is a sum of money set aside for the education of a Maryknoll priest. Recent additions to burses include:

Dunwoodie Seminary Burse— now \$4,680.25
Marywood College Burse— now \$3,107.00

During May we shall be glad to welcome offerings to the following Burses in honor of Our Lady:

Immaculate Conception—
Patron of America..... \$1,087.71
Our Lady of Lourdes..... 2,289.63
Our Lady of Mount Carmel 2,271.19
Mater Admirabilis..... 1,083.00
Mary Mother of God..... 808.13
Queen of the Rosary..... 115.60

asked his parents, brothers, and sisters. But the little fellow only answered, "I'm going to keep it!" And keep it he did, until the day that he heard a Maryknoller speaking in his parish church. After the Mass he went into the sacristy, told the missioner the story of his dollar, and asked him to please send it to some poor priest in fields afar. Today the little lad is a Christian Brother, teaching other boys about the reward and joy that come from a sacrifice well made.

Two Maryknoll Sisters recently received a new form of sponsorship. They had gone into a Chinese shop in New York to make a

few purchases. Although there seemed to be many clerks in the store, no one approached them for some minutes. Finally, after a consultation among the clerks, one youngster came forward, sheepishly, and put a five-cent piece in the hand of each Sister. Thinking it to be an old Chinese custom not yet reported at Maryknoll, they bowed and continued to wait. Then a light broke through. "They think we're begging, Sister!" said one. The Sisters laughed, the clerks all laughed, the nickels were returned. No purchase was made, however, as that shop didn't carry left-handed bamboo pens.

Another Chinatown note from one of our subscribers says: "The manager of my favorite chop-suey restaurant keeps a mission mite-box on the counter near the cashier's desk. When I asked him what he does with the contents, he answered, 'Sponsor Maryknoll Father in my native city—China.' I told him that I, too, was a sponsor, and Maryknoll thereby became the cause from which has arisen a beautiful friendship. Since then I have been able to interest some of my friends in the sponsor idea. I bring them to the restaurant; my Chinese friend does the rest."

Marywood College Mission Unit, Scranton, Pennsylvania, which is building Marywood College Burse





St. John's Church, Philadelphia, features Maryknoll pamphlets.

THE MARYKNOLL ANNUITY Many people are not in a position to give an outright gift to the mission cause, but they are hopeful of leaving something at death for such a work. Maryknoll's Annuity plan is well adapted to the purposes of those who wish to contribute substantially, but who must realize an income during their lifetime.

Recent additions to our list of annuitants are from Ohio, Missouri, Michigan, New York, California, Massachusetts, New Jersey, and Newfoundland. If you, too, would be interested in mission investment, write for our free booklet "The Maryknoll Annuity."

SPONSORING MISSIONERS Our sponsors continue

in their noble work of supplying a dollar a day for each of our missionaries. While the number of sponsors and the funds received from them meet only a small portion of our need, nevertheless we are grateful to all who have taken a hand in furnishing the "daily bread" of those who are already in the field. They themselves tell us that their efforts are even now rewarded by God:

"I have been promised a raise in pay, and before receiving it I promised the good Lord one tenth of whatever the amount would be, for the

THE MONTH'S PRIZE LETTER

Dear Father,

It is with great pleasure that I send again this year a small check to help support my missioner in China. I look upon him as my adopted son, and I do deeply appreciate and value the Masses, prayers, and good works in which I share.

I am still disabled; in fact, my doctors have told me that I probably shall not be able to return to the practice of medicine. Pain or physical disability in itself does not bother me. God has been infinitely good to me in this so-called affliction. It is probably a test of my faith, but it has helped me to draw much closer to God.

Gladly will I suffer this or that and add it to the mission cause, for Maryknoll and its work are very dear to my heart.

W. S., M.D., California

DEPARTED FRIENDS

Please remember in your prayers the souls of these Maryknoll friends who have recently died:

V. Rev. Msgr. M. Whalen; Rev. C. Clever; Rev. T. Moore; Rev. J. Byrne; Rev. P. Cullinane; Rev. G. Apel; Sr. M. Benignus Cafrey; Sr. M. Vincent Lincks; Mother M. Augustine; Sr. M. Patrick Gilligan; Sr. M. Bertrand; Sr. M. Geneviève Kelly; Sr. M. Elizabeth Manion; Mother M. Clement; Mr. J. Daubert; Mr. Bernard Donnelly; Mrs. J. Moliner; Mr. J. Haggerty; Mr. H. Byrne; Mr. J. McDade; Mrs. G. Plant; Mr. J. McGinity; Miss M. Minitor; Mr. W. Coffey; Mrs. J. Murphy; Mrs. J. McCullough; Mrs. M. Gerschwyler; Mrs. C. Lally; Mr. C. Knetzger; Mr. J. Schuppert; Miss F. Uttersfort; Mr. F. Rose; Mr. J. McPadden; Mr. G. Mathison; Mrs. J. Bailey; Mr. D. O'Dea; Mr. J. Sullivan; Mrs. C. O'Keefe; Mrs. N. Ball; Miss A. Flanagan; Mr. P. Lynch; Mrs. D. Monebourquette; Mr. J. McGlumphy; Mrs. A. Manche; Miss E. Kennedy; Mrs. C. Schollaert; Mrs. E. Currier; Mr. J. Farrell; Mr. J. O'Neil; Mrs. M. Hastings; Mr. J. Owens; Miss D. O'Leary; Miss E. Madigan; Miss I. Manning; Mrs. M. Roewen; Miss M. Mullens; Mrs. F. Neal; Mrs. J. Eytine; Miss J. Breen; Mrs. E. Cain.

MARYKNOLL MEMBERSHIP

Maryknoll has no mere subscribers to its magazine. Every person who enrolls by the payment of \$1.00 becomes a MARYKNOLL MEMBER for one year.

A PERPETUAL MEMBER makes payment of \$50, either immediately or in installments within a period of two years. A deceased person may be enrolled as a Perpetual Member.

A MARYKNOLL BENEFACTOR is one who has assisted to the extent of \$1,000 and becomes by this fact a Perpetual Member.

A MARYKNOLL FOUNDER is one who has provided a sum of \$5,000 or more; such a person likewise becomes by this fact a Perpetual Member.

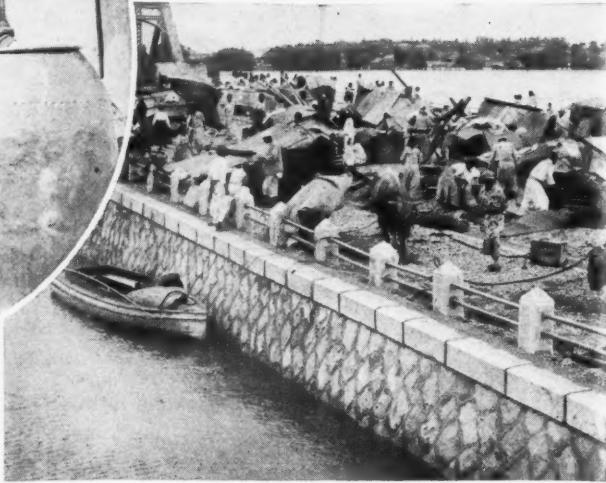
support of one of his missioners. I never felt that I should be able to sponsor a missioner to this extent—it must be that God rewarded me for my promise. Now, I am to get a raise each year, and I shall continue with the additional ten per cent of each new raise, too." —Missouri

"It seems that every time I send in my sponsor offering I have a need for it almost as great as that of the missioners. But here's the wonderful thing: each time I send the offering, I do it with the intention that the missioner's prayers will help me in my own needs, and never once have I been disappointed." —Ohio

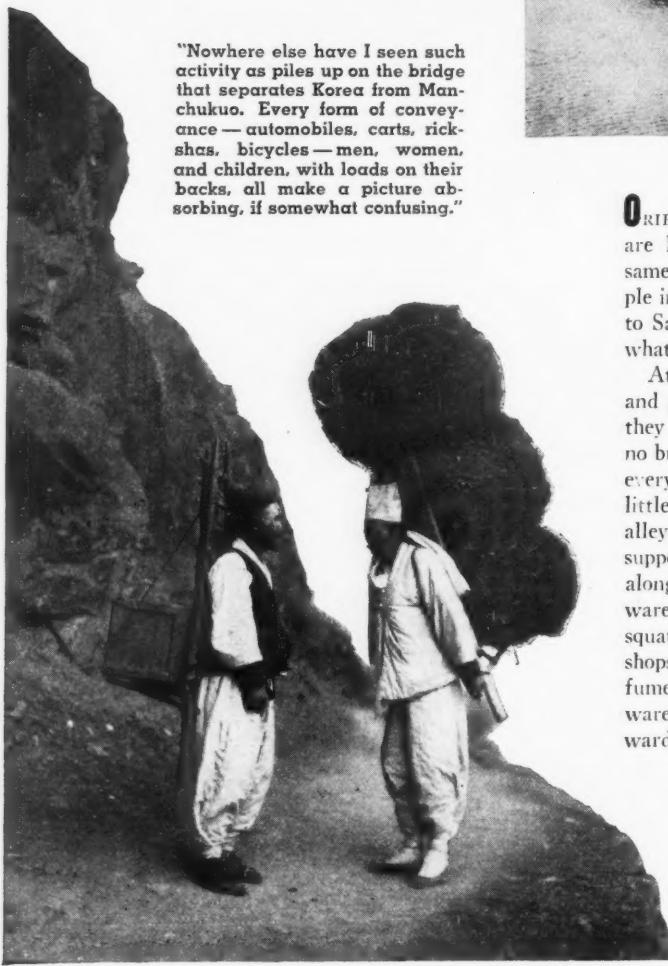
"I am seventy years old and make only eight dollars a week, but I am so thankful for my missioner's prayers, because I am sure it is only those prayers that keep me going. I shall continue to send a dollar a month for as long as I am able—and I hope, for his sake, it's a long time." —Indiana

OLD SCENES SEEN ANEW

By Rev. George M. Carroll



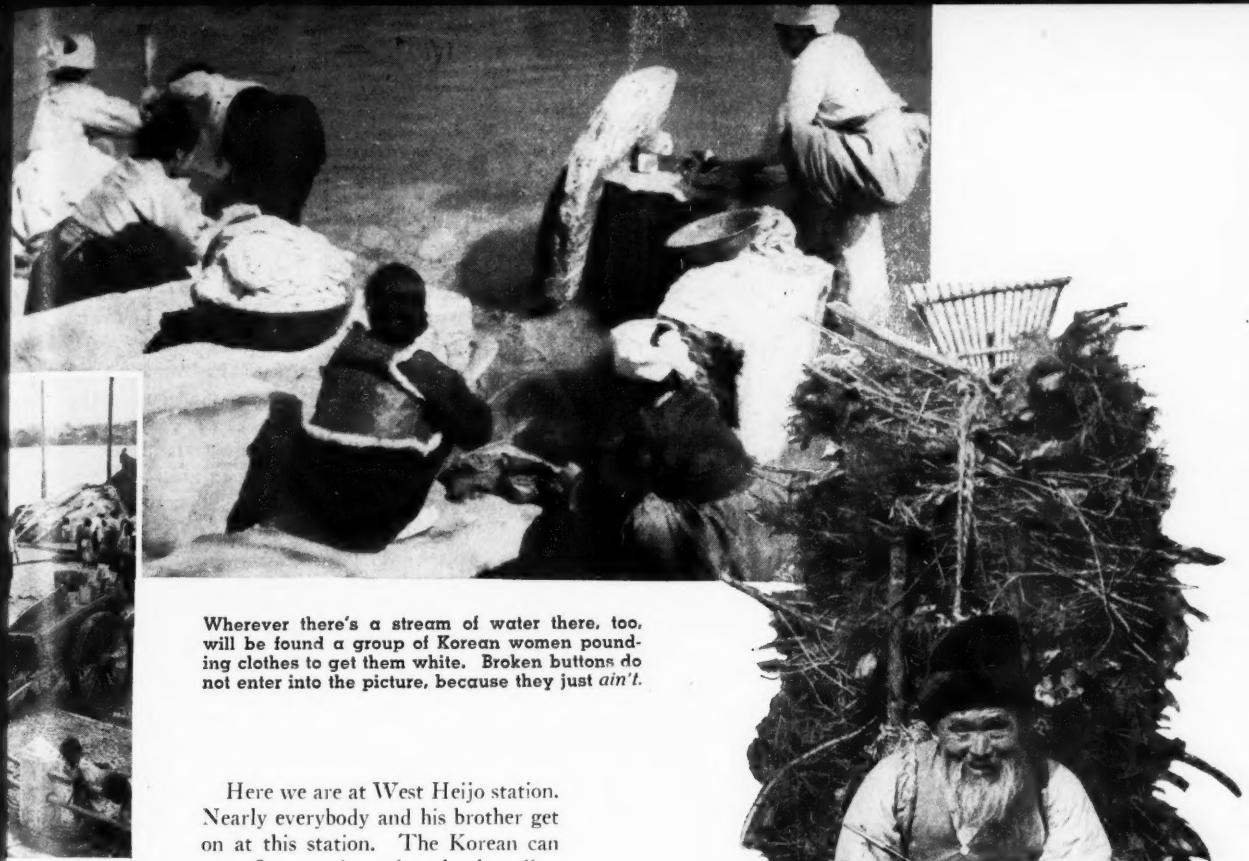
"Nowhere else have I seen such activity as piles up on the bridge that separates Korea from Manchukuo. Every form of conveyance — automobiles, carts, rickshas, bicycles — men, women, and children, with loads on their backs, all make a picture absorbing, if somewhat confusing."



ORIENTAL sights become commonplace to us after we are here awhile, but it occurred to me that these same sights might prove of real interest to people in the homeland. So, on a recent trip from Heijo to Saiho, I decided to keep my eyes open, and this is what I saw.

At every brook or stream were crowds of women and girls washing clothes. After soaping the clothes they would pound them with a flat stick. There are no buttons to be broken, as Koreans wear no buttons; everything is tied with ribbons or pieces of cloth. A little farther on, wending his way through the muddy alleys, was the wood peddler with bundles of wood supported on a wood frame carried on his back. All along the streets were many open-air shops with wares spread out on the ground and the proprietor squatting on a mat waiting for customers. These shops sell anything and everything, from pins to perfumed soap. At night the shopkeeper just folds his wares into a bundle, slings it on his back and "homeward plods his weary way."

Every conceivable kind of conveyance passed me on the way: autos, trucks, bull carts, bicycles by the thousands, horses and wagons, donkey carts, rickshas, even children riding on their mothers' or little sisters' backs. However, I saw no roller-skaters, because no one could skate through the mud that covers most of this particular section.



Wherever there's a stream of water there, too, will be found a group of Korean women pounding clothes to get them white. Broken buttons do not enter into the picture, because they just ain't.

Here we are at West Heijo station. Nearly everybody and his brother get on at this station. The Korean can save five *sen* in a fare by boarding his northbound train here. Usually it is bedlam when a train is leaving

from this station, because of the crowds. Country people, who have come into the city for sight-seeing; merchants, to buy supplies; people, moving from one place to another; old men with Korean high hats and top-knots, their long pipes stuck into the collar of their shirts; young men in Western clothes; old women with bundles on their heads, inquiring if this is the train they should take; younger women not only with bundles on their heads but with a baby strapped to their backs and possibly another bundle in their free hand! All push and mill around the entrance of the train.

It is an interesting and instructive sight to hear the comments and remarks on the crowd, the train, the weather, the trip to Heijo, or what not. Some meet old friends or relatives and try to reach them from the end of the car, when the aisle is jammed. Then they finally settle down for the trip. The men pull out their long pipes to enjoy a smoke after a busy day in the city, women quiet their children, and the trainman pushes his way through the crowd to put some coal on the fire. Saiho is only a ten-minute ride, and we hardly feel the time passing.

From the train window we can see the huts of the poor, scattered along the dike that keeps the river from coming in. The hovels that some of these people live in are unbelievable; they set up some of the queerest-looking structures, but to them they are homes. In flood season most of these shacks are destroyed, but, when the water has subsided, the unfortunate ones swarm back again and build up their "shanty-town" to house them again until the

The wood peddler totes quite a load.

next flood.

In the distance is a herd of cattle, Holsteins. One wonders how and where they pasture, because there is not a blade of grass in sight. I have been told that the grass is cut out in the country and carried into the city to feed the cattle. In this section there are several dairies, the largest and best of which is operated by the Presbyterian Mission. Just beyond the dairy we see two men sitting, one beneath a huge log set on end and the other on top of it. They are cutting out planks in Korean style. It takes hours to cut a log in this way. It could be done in a few minutes by an electrically operated saw; but everyone has plenty of time, so why hurry?

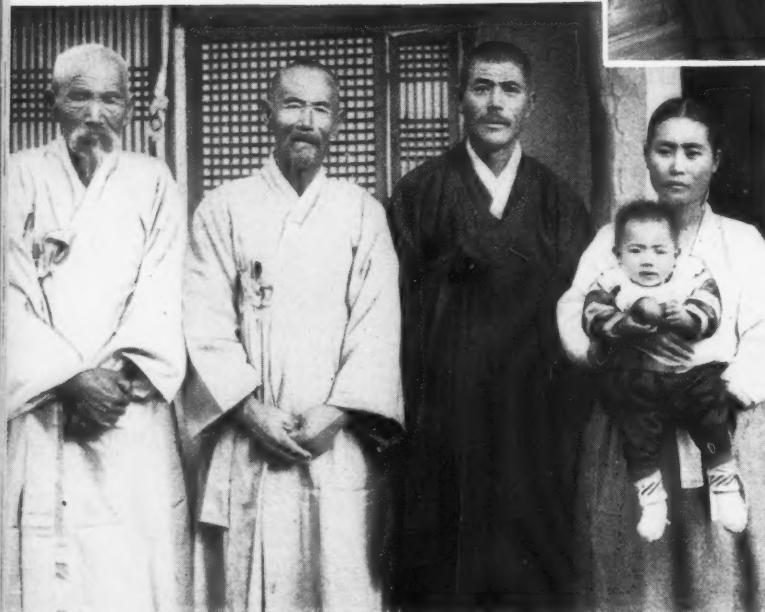
The air in our not-quite-de-luxe coach becomes somewhat heavy with the crowd, and it is with pleasure that we hear the trainman call out "Saiho!" This means home.

ON THE MARYKNOLL NEWSFRONT

SANCIAN ISLAND, SOUTH CHINA

It all started with a leaky boat. A middle-aged Chinese fisherman was bewailing what appeared to be a serious setback in maintaining a livelihood for his family. A suggestion from the Sancian pastor, a twist of cotton and oakum, a bit of calking, and the boat was as good as new. Now the fisherman contends that a man who knows so much as the missioner must know the right way to heaven; so he and his family are charting a new course.

Right: The leaky boat. Below: Five generations of a Korean Catholic family. Lower: Nothing is lost; tin cans, flattened out, repair the church roof at Shingishu.



DAIREN, SOUTH MANCHUKUO

A Protestant Japanese lady has held down pew No. 1 in Stella Maris (Japanese) Church here so long that she is now referred to us as "Our Sunday Visitor." The lady,

who teaches in a Protestant school of this city, says she attends Mass every Sunday so that she may acquire some doctrine to teach her children at school. "O.S.V." is not merely a silent onlooker; she asks so many questions and receives the answers so gracefully that it looks as if she and her school are already well-grounded in Catholic doctrine. The gift of Faith cannot be far away.



NG FA, KWANGTUNG

Maryknoll Sisters have not yet been able to start a foundation at this distant mission post, but two native women have dedicated their lives to doing the work of Sisters here. They have one small room for their "convent" in the girls' school. They teach school, explain the catechism to inquiring ladies, and visit the women in their homes. They care for the sanctuary, preparing the linens and flowers for the altar, and see to it that the vestments are mended and clean. Such self-sacrificing native women are found in many of the missions in China. They seek no material remuneration for their indispensable services, but are satisfied with the hope of future glory that surely awaits hidden handmaids of the Lord.

ERH-PA-TAN, MANCHUKUO

Christian Doctrine Sunday was a great success. The men were especially enthusiastic about it, and so great was the response that we were scarcely able to finish in one day. Next year we shall plan to stretch it over three Sundays. For weeks before the contest opened, whole families could be found filling every spare moment with study and cramming for the examination. Some 500 converts were represented in the groups that appeared before the examiners from early morning until evening Benediction. Emphasis on the importance of Christian Doctrine is the greatest assurance of the fidelity of our neophytes.

CHONGPU, KWANGTUNG

When Father Maurice J. Duffy arrived at this mission, he was particularly struck with the fact that the boys, instead of whistling the Chinese equivalent of "Annie Laurie," went about their

tasks humming or singing snatches from the plain-chant hymns of the Church. With the assistance of recorded chant and his Victrola, several of the boys were drawn still farther, and now what promises to be a fine choir is in process of formation. With a little training, Father Duffy says, several of the boys who have fine soprano voices will surely equal those of Paulist Choir fame.

YUNHUI, KWANGSI, SOUTH CHINA The present shortage of medical supplies at this mission's dispensary recalls the fact that it was the care of Yunhui's ills that made possible this mission. Brother Francis came out to Yunhui on regular visitations, bringing medicine and doctrine books. Two years later 200 catechumens were ready for baptism; thus the mission was founded. On account of war conditions in this area, it has been impossible to get supplies through, and now the medicine chest is almost bare. The mission will welcome additional supplies, since such spell relief for bodies and balm for souls.

FUSHUN, MANCHUKUO A former Protestant minister who has been under instruction during the past year was baptized here last Sunday by Father Quirk. The neophyte was drawn to the mission some time ago to argue the fallacy of the Catholic position. Instead, when the unbroken line of apostles from Peter to Pius was unfolded, the man admitted his error and began studying the Catholic doctrine at once. Loss of position, prestige, and that terrible thing "loss of face," make his step a difficult one, but Father Quirk praises the minister for his fidelity, and the mission has great hopes of his future service.

HOINGAN, KWANGTUNG An interesting detail from the Kongmoon Vicariate's report for last year shows great progress being made at this mission. Father Joseph Lavin, the pastor who has no curate, no Brothers, or Sisters, cares for 1,052 Catholics, while at the same time more than 200 catechumens are under instruction. He maintains five schools in the district with 649 pupils in attendance, and a dispensary where he himself treats the many aches and pains of the countryside. One wonders what the busy pastor does in his free time.

Eight Pointers on the Maryknoll Missions

1. Maryknoll missionaries in East-ern Asia number 443.
2. They labor in seven ter-ritories.
3. Four of these territories — Kongmoon, Kaying, Wu-chow, Kweilin—are in South China.
4. The three others—Kyoto in Japan, Heijo in Korea, Fu-shun in Manchukuo—are in the north.
5. These seven territories em-brace 142,000 square miles, twice the area of the New England States.
6. The seven contain 20,000,000 non-Christian souls, over three times the population of the New England States.
7. They count 70,742 Catholics.
8. Annual adult converts num-ber approximately 7,500.



Top: Two catechists of Korea whose home contacts have been very successful. Lower: The queen of the May crowns Our Lady's statue in a Manchu mission.



RICE AND OLD SHOES

By Rev. Robert J. Cairns

THE Canton International Red Cross, operating in the refugee areas of South China, has had a Maryknoller—Reverend Robert J. Cairns—on its staff. "Father Sandy" gives us a glimpse of what the Committee has been doing since November, 1938:

"With over 2,000 in four camps, some 75,000 meals have been served every day from 26 feeding centers. Each week 10,000 dispensary cases were treated; 50,000 quinine pills were distributed in one month; 30,000 inoculations were given against cholera and smallpox, and some 5,000 patients were placed in Government institutions. Six hospitals and several staffs of doctors were required to meet the urgent medical needs of the sick and injured, and 500 tons of cracked wheat (sent by the people of the United States) were exhausted in no time. Since the end of January, 1939, conditions have materially changed; but the price of rice is going up daily, and unless help is forthcoming we face a serious situation.

"The work has been extremely interesting and, to my mind, one of the most important opportunities that the Catholic Church in South China has had. To have Catholic priests on both the Red Cross Executive Committee and on the Refugee Committee was a new departure in Canton. To have the Refugee Office in the priest's house, where it was visited daily by many missionaries of all nations and denominations, was an unusual thing for this section of China. But there was a splendid

spirit of cooperation manifested by all, who pulled together like a well-trained crew in the great emergency. The Red Cross has done a mighty good job in Canton, and I am proud to have had a little share in it."

Another feature of relief was the "Old-Shoe Party" which Father Cairns arranged among the foreign children of Canton. The children collected 984 pairs of shoes to be distributed to poor Chinese men, women, and children.

The "Old-Shoe Party" had its culmination on a recent afternoon in the Canton Club. The affair was enjoyed by fifty-two children. An entertainment of magic and music preceded the tea party and the awarding of prizes. Prizes were awarded the children for their efforts in collecting footwear. The first prize went to Marie Prata, who had gathered 350 pairs of shoes. Next came Ani Gomez with a record of 214 pairs. Kathleen Farrell, third, had 116 pairs; and Teresa Baptista, fourth, had 105.

Plans were made to make the "Old-Shoe Party" an annual event during the Christmas holidays.

APOSTOLATE The father of a Maryknoll priest was dying from a very painful malady. Although his agony was intense he made it a point to offer his sufferings for the success of his son's mission efforts in Korea. Recently that Maryknoller wrote: "During the last few months over 100 adults have been baptized. This is unusual for a new mission. I give credit to my father's prayers and patience in his suffering, which he offered for these many conversions . . ." The father saw a purpose in his malady: he was helping his boy to win souls for Christ. The one was active in the Orient, the other silently purchased by suffering the graces that win converts.

After the tea party the children gathered with Father Cairns for the inevitable photograph.





THE MARYKNOLL BOOKSHELF



MARYKNOLL :: NEW YORK

BOOKS - PAMPHLETS - STORY LEAFLETS - MAGAZINES - PLAYS - EXHIBITS - FILMS - BOOKS

TRAIL in the Frozen Hills"—heretofore lonely, unfrequented, and dangerous, now promises to be an over-crowded highway, traversed by seekers of adventure, inspiration—and good literature.

Sorghum, a cereal grass, reaches its highest growth in the fall of the year among the hills of Manchukuo, the classic bandit country of the Orient. Under cover of the tall grass, highwaymen and bandits with their captives, suffering little chance of detection by those unfamiliar with the forest paths. Such was the seasonal setting on the evening of October 5, 1937, when Father Gerard A. Donovan was abducted from his mission chapel in Hopei by a group of outlaws and forced into the neighboring hills.

But you must meet Father Jerry earlier in life—in 1904 when he made his first appearance in Pittsburgh before a full house (he was the thirteenth child of Mr. and Mrs. Michael Donovan). At birth, he was pronounced "as good as dead," but in less than a year he was "entrancingly vivacious with a natural smile that was to grow in charm with the years."

Live a life brimful of courage, romance, and deep spirituality with this irresistible, lovable Father Jerry by following the "Trail" as it winds through such intriguing passages as these.

"I have little Jerry Donovan in my room this year." (quoted from his fifth-grade teacher) "What a marvelous smile and almost strangely beautiful light he has in his face! He is a boy one can never meet and pass up—mischievous and yet never really in mischief, bubbling with life, but with life not misdirected, every inch a boy."

"Little man, big smile!" chuckled Father Walsh to Father Price when, as both sat on the porch, Jerry came up the steps to apply for entrance into Maryknoll.

With delicate generosity the author has introduced into his narrative all Maryknollers who were associated—even remotely—with those memorable last days of their "hero." To each is given a due and enviable share in

that history-making event. Naturally, there is always a family pride in the achievement of one of its members; supernaturally, that feeling is greatly intensified.

Father Jerry looked out the train window en route to a distant mission outpost. "God willing, he would never raise a rampart against the winds of the strong, surging tides of opportunity, the stars of vaulting ideals. He would give of himself, everything within himself, everything. This was the morning when life really began. This morning he would resolve it, and he would be faithful to his resolve—he would give everything."

From his arrival at Sin Pin until his final experience, Father Jerry was to move and labor in an atmosphere charged always with a struggle against bandits. When news came that a body had been found in the frozen hills, one of Father Jerry's confreres went out to identify the remains: "What a privilege, what a glory to die thus! Men would sing of it. But in the icy air of that room beads of perspiration suddenly started from Father Quirk's forehead, every muscle of his body became almost convulsively tense, and he felt himself sway a bit. . . . Was it disrespectful, he wondered, with this picture of awful abandonment before him, to hear Father Jerry calling in anguish

on some Manchu mountainside, 'My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?'"

After reading the story one has to say with another who knew Jerry well, "I think that after his other beautiful qualities have been forgotten, we are going to remember his gladness of heart."

Nor is the end of the "Trail in the Frozen Hills" reached in this one volume. Word has come that Francis Liu, the Chinese seminarian captured with Father Jerry and released two weeks later, has completely recovered from the harrowing experience and is continuing his studies for the priesthood at the seminary in Fushun. Francis Liu may yet provide a subject for the sequel to the "Trail."



Father Donovan, the subject of "Trail in the Frozen Hills"

JCL

My dear Rev.
Maryknoll has
just sent me a
certificate of perpetual
membership - your
gift to me for
Mother's Day.

My boy, you could
not have given me a
more precious gift
than the assurance
of prayers and masses
always.

Your thoughtful gift
is one that will insure
our being more surely
united here and in
Heaven.

God bless you, John!
Mother

Mother's Day (May 12) and
Memorial Day (May 30) are occasions
for thinking of Perpetual Membership (\$50).

BREAKING GROUND

Maryknoll Fathers

Maryknoll P. O., N. Y.

May is a good time for breaking ground. I should like to start
sponsoring a missioner. Send me
dime cards.

Name

Address

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San Francisco, Cal., 1492 McAllister St.

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Missions: Central Addresses

For Fushun missioners: Catholic Mission,
Fushun, Manchukuo

For Kaying missioners: Catholic Mission,
Kaying, via Swatow, China

For Kongmoon missioners: Catholic Mission,
Kongmoon, Kwangtung Province, China

For Kweilin missioners: Catholic Mission,
Kweilin, Kwangsi Province, China

For Kyoto missioners: Maryknoll,
Kyoto, Japan

For Chosen missioners: Catholic Mission,
P.O. Box 23, Heijo, Chosen

For Wuchow missioners: Catholic Mission,
Wuchow, Kwangsi Province, China

The Maryknoll Sisters

Central Addresses

Motherhouse and administration:
Maryknoll, N. Y.

Hawaii: 1508 Alexander St., Honolulu

Japan: Higashi Takeyamachi, Sakyoku,
Kyoto, Japan

Chosen: Catholic Mission, 257 Sangsukuri,
Box 23, Heijo, Chosen

Manchukuo: Catholic Mission, Dairen
Pacific Coast: 425 South Boyle Ave.,
Los Angeles, Calif.

Philippines: St. Mary's Hall, Manila

South China: Waterloo Road, Kowloon Tong, Hong Kong

MARYKNOLL WANT ADS

Kweilin is rebuilding from the ground up. \$300 will provide for a country chapel, five of which are badly needed just now.

Pity the poor Heijo missioner with no fit place to lay his head. \$1,000 builds a rectory for one of the four that are needed.

Priests at Kongmoon's leper asylum are living in a leper cottage. \$5,000 would build them an adequate rectory and administration building.



HELP WANTED

It costs \$200 a year to run a mission dispensary—and Wuchow has twelve of them. \$200. x 12 = The product is great.

\$15 a month (\$150 a year) will keep a Kaying catechist going. These teachers are invaluable in every mission.

Seventy-five native seminarians in Fushun require (each) \$150 a year for support. They will one day be the native clergy of a progressive mission.



BUILDING

Monsignor Byrne has plans but no money for a \$10,000 tuberculosis hospital unit in Kyoto.

Where else could it happen but at Tung Gnon (pronounced Chumley) that a church could be built for \$1,800?

\$2,000 will build a church? Yes; imagine it! But Kaying needs five.

\$1,000 for land alone is needed in the Kyoto mission before a church can be built.



SCHOOLS

Thirty native Korean Sisters (novices) are being trained in the Heijo mission at \$150 a year each. A worth-while help!

Wanted: 200 people at once! To supply \$15 a month for one of Wuchow's catechists. They employ 200 of these valuable teachers.

\$200 is needed for a school building in Kweilin—and they must rebuild twelve of them.

A novitiate for Fushun's native Sisters is awaiting the \$3,000 necessary for building.

BREAKING GROUND

Every missioner by his vocation is a gardener, a sower. The breaking of the ground—an orphanage, a dispensary, or even a smile—the planting, the cultivation, take time: days, weeks, months, years. Will you share some of the burden some of the time? See page 32.



